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TWO GENERATIONS.

BY

COUNT LYOF TOLSTOI.

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PREFACE.

ABOUT the year 1800, before the days of railways and carriage roads, of gas and composite candles, of low, springy coaches, of French-polished furniture, of cynical eyeglassed youths, of philosophical, broad-minded women, and of the siren-like *dames aux camélias* who now abound; at that unsophisticated time when the traveler by carry-all from Moscow to St. Petersburg was obliged to convey his provisions with him as he jogged along for a whole weary week over roads that were either smothered in dust or drowned in mud; at the time when people eat such things as Pojarski cutlets and *Boublikis;** at the time when tallow-candles sweated and smoked as they provided a dingy light for families of from twenty to thirty persons—on ball-nights the candelabra were glorified with wax or spermaceti tapers; at the time, I say, when the furniture of a room was set out with prim precision, and when our fathers, who were young in other ways than in a mere freedom from wrinkles and gray hairs, fought for a woman and rushed from one end of a room to the other to pick up a lady's handkerchief, no matter whether it had been dropped on purpose or not; at the time when our mothers wore

* Cakes in the shape of a crown.

high waists and voluminous sleeves, and settled the destiny of families by drawing straws; at the time when women of questionable morality did not venture to show themselves abroad in open daylight; in the unsophisticated days, finally, of masonic lodges, of the *Tugend-bund*,* of Davidoff and Pouchkine, a meeting of *pomestchiks*† was being held in the town of K——, the capital of the governmental district of the same name, and the election of the representatives of the local nobility was drawing to a close.

* An association of students.

† Landed proprietors.

TWO GENERATIONS.

PART I.

I.

"Oh! anywhere; it dosen't matter where. Very well, into the drawing-room, then!" exclaimed a young officer, enveloped in a fur cloak and wearing a hussar's cap, as he sprung out of a traveling-carriage that was drawn up in front of one of the best hotels in the town of K——.

"We are very full, your excellency," said the hotel-porter, who had already gathered from the young officer's servant that he was Count Tourbine; and hence the title of "Excellency" with which he honored him. "The pomestchik's wife, Afremova, has given notice that she is going away this evening with her daughter, and as soon as the ladies have left you shall have their room, No. 11," continued the porter, walking before the count into the corridor, and turning round at each step.

In the general room, grouped together beneath a full-length portrait of the Emperor Alexander I., several noblemen were sitting at a table and drinking champagne. Some merchants, who were passing through K——, were seated a little apart enveloped in their blue shoubas.

The count entered the room, calling his big dog, Blücher, after him; he took off his cloak, the collar of which was covered with hoar-frost, and then sat down near the table. Having ordered some vodka to be brought to him, he entered into conversation with the company present. His pleasant, frank expression, which was set off by a handsome blue satin dolman made in the best taste, quickly won him a kindly welcome, and a glass of champagne was pressed upon him.

The count, however, first drank off his little glass of vodka, and then called for a bottle of champagne, which he invited his new friends to share. At that moment the *yamstchik** came into the room, and, going up to the count, asked him for a gratuity.

"Give him something, Sachka,"† said the count.

The yamstchik went out of the room with Sachka, but he returned almost immediately, holding a coin in his open palm.

"What, my little father," he cried, "is this all? I'm sure I did everything I could to accommodate your excellency. You promised me fifty copecks, but he's only given me twenty-five."

"Give him a rouble, Sachka!"

Sachka's eyes were fixed upon the yamstchik's feet.

"He has got quite sufficient," he said. "And, besides, I have no more money left."

The count took a couple of blue notes‡ out of his purse

* Driver of post-horses.
† The diminutive of Alexander.
‡ A blue note is worth about five roubles.

—they were all that he possessed—and gave one of them to the yamstchik, who thereupon kissed his hand and left the room.

"I've got to the end of my stock!" exclaimed the officer. "Here are my last five roubles!"

"Ah, that's just like your gay hussar, count!" said one of the noblemen present, with a smile. His deep voice, heavy mustache and bowed legs made him look like a retired cavalry officer. "Do you intend to stay long here?"

"I can't stay very long, unless I manage to get some more money. Besides, there's no room vacant in this confounded hotel!"

"Excuse me, count, but there is. There is mine, No. 7. Be good enough to avail yourself of it for to-night, and until you can obtain other accommodation. You must at least stay two or three days here. I have just left the *predvoditel*;* he will be delighted to see you at his house."

"Oh, you must certainly stay, count!" now exclaimed a tall and handsome young man. "Why should you hurry yourself? An election only occurs once every three years. Stay, and you'll have a chance of seeing our girls."

"Sachka, get me a clean shirt. I'm going to have a bath now, gentlemen, and then we will see. I may, indeed, go and see the predvoditel," remarked the count.

He then again called his servant, and whispered a few words in his ear. Sachka smiled as he listened. "That is quite possible," he replied, and then he hastened out of the room.

* The representative of the nobility.

"Then I may order my luggage to be carried up into your room; eh, little father?" said the count, as he took his leave.

"By all means; I shall be delighted to be of use to you," replied the cavalry officer, hastening toward the door. "Don't forget the number; 7!" he cried, as he reached it.

When the sound of the count's retreating footsteps had died away, the cavalry officer returned to his place, and drawing his chair close up to that of the tall young man, he looked at him with smiling eyes. "It is the man himself."

"Really?"

"Yes, indeed, it is. It is Tourbine himself, the duelist hussar, the notorious fire-eater. I'll wager anything that he recognized me. He must have done so; we had a merry time together at Lebediane. For three weeks we never went to bed. At that time I was detached on special duty, procuring horses. There were some circumstances in our acquaintanceship which seemed to make us friends at once. He's a fine fellow, isn't he?"

"Indeed, he is! And what charming manners! There's really no fault to be found with him. How quickly we seemed to get on friendly terms! He can't be more than five-and-twenty, I should say."

"He doesn't look more, certainly; but he's not quite so young as that. Ah, I must tell you what sort of a man he is! Who was it who carried off the Megounova girl? It was he. Who was it who killed Sabline? It was he. He forced Matneff to jump out of the window, and he won

300,000 roubles from Prince Nesteroff. He is a wild, hot-headed fellow, and wants knowing. Gamester, duelist, libertine, and a hussar in heart and soul; yes, he's a true hussar! Ah, people are very fond of maligning us, but if they only knew what it really is to be a hussar, and what a time we had in those days!"

Then the officer related to his companion the history of a pleasure excursion which he said he had made in the count's company, but the events he related were so wild and fantastical that they could only have existed in the narrator's imagination. And here it may be noted, in the first place, that this cavalry officer had never even seen the count before, having retired from the service two years before the latter had entered it; and, in the second place, that this accomplished cavalry officer had never served in the cavalry at all. His name was Zavalchevsky, and for four years he had simply been a non-commissioned officer in the Bielef foot regiment, retiring as soon as he had been promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant.

Having come into some property, however, he had subsequently stayed for some time at Lebediane, where he had spent seven hundred roubles in the society of the officers who were on duty there procuring horses. He had had a lancer's uniform made for himself, and for a short time he had thought of joining a cavalry regiment. The three weeks which he had spent at Lebediane had formed the serenest and happiest period of his life; and he had begun to think that he had really carried out his project; so mingling fancy and reality together, indeed, that he ended by believing that he had actually been an officer of cavalry.

This little delusion, however, did not prevent him from having a kind, soft heart, or from being a really good and worthy fellow.

"Yes," he sighed, "those who have not served in the cavalry will never be able to understand us."

Then having seated himself astride a chair, as though it were a horse, and protruding his lower jaw, he continued, in a deep voice: "Sometimes I found myself riding in front of the squadron on an animal that wasn't a horse, but a real devil that would do nothing but kick. Then at a review the commanding officer would come up to me and say: 'Lieutenant, they won't do anything without you. Come and put the squadron through their movements.' 'Certainly, sir!' I used to answer. And then I turned toward the men and gave them the word of command. Ah! confound it all, it *was* a happy time."

When Count Tourbine came out of the bath-room, with ruddy cheeks and damp hair, he went straight to room No. 7, where Zavalchevsky, the self-styled cavalry officer, had already betaken himself. Wearing a dressing-gown and smoking his pipe, he was thinking with delight, that was not altogether free from alarm, of the happy chance which had enabled him to share his room with the celebrated Tourbine.

"What should I do," he was asking himself, "if the count took it into his head to strip me naked and then carry me outside the town and leave me in that state in the snow? Or he might, perhaps, smear me over with tar, or even— But no, he'll do nothing of that kind, I'm sure, to an old comrade. No, no! he certainly won't," repeat-

ed the ex-sub-lieutenant to inspire himself with confidence.

"Sachka," said the count to his servant on entering the apartment, "tell them to give Blücher something to eat."

The servant was already the worse for the vodka which he had drunk since his arrival at the hotel.

"You haven't been able to restrain yourself, then? You have been drinking already, you scoundrel!" continued Tourbine. "Go and see Blücher fed."

"It won't kill him to wait a little! He's quite fat enough!" replied Sachka, fondling the dog.

"Don't answer me, but go and get him some food!"

"There, that's just like you! The dog, of course, must have its food, but if a man just takes a little glass of vodka, you abuse him."

"I'll give you a hiding!" cried the count, in a voice that made the windows shake and ex-sub-lieutenant Zavalchevsky shudder.

"It would be better if you inquired whether Sachka had had anything to eat to-day," retorted the servant. "Oh, you may strike me, as you seem to think that a dog is of much more importance than a man!"

As he spoke, he received such a clout from his master that his head was knocked against the screen. With one bound he sprung out into the corridor, where he dropped down on to a bench.

"He has knocked my teeth out!" he groaned, wiping his bleeding nose with one hand, while with the other he scratched the back of Blücher, who was licking himself. "He has knocked my teeth out, Blüchka! But all the

same, he is my count, and I would throw myself into the fire for him! Yes, he is my own count, isn't he, Blüchka? Well, doggy, are you really hungry?"

After remaining on his back for a few moments, he got up and gave the dog some food, and then, almost quite sobered again, he proceeded to serve his master with tea.

"You will hurt my feelings very much if you do," the ex-sub-lieutenant was now saying, as he stood in front of Tourbine, who was lying on the bed, with his legs in the air and his feet against the wall. "I am an old soldier myself, a comrade, so to speak. You needn't go borrowing money elsewhere; I have a couple of hundred roubles here, which are quite at your service. I haven't quite that amount in my pocket, but I have a hundred, and I can get the rest in the course of the day. I shall really feel hurt if you refuse, count."

"Thank you, my little father, thank you," said the count, quickly realizing what sort of acquaintanceship was going to be established between them. "Very well, then," he continued, tapping the ex-sub-lieutenant's shoulder, "we will go to this ball presently, but what shall we do now? Tell me what is going on in your town. What pretty women have you got? Who are your gay fellows, and who are your card players?"

Zavalchevsky replied that there would be plenty of pretty women at the ball, and that the Ispravnik Kolkoff was the gayest man in the town, though he lacked the audacity of a true hussar, and was only a commonplace sort of good fellow. Then he told the count that Iliusha's troupe of gypsies had been singing at K—— since the beginning of

the elections; that pretty Stiochka was the soloist; that all the predvoditel's friends were to meet that day; that cards would be played for very high stakes; that Loukhnoff, a traveler temporarily staying at K——, always played for ready money; and that Iliine, a sub-lieutenant of lancers, who was the tenant of the next room—No. 8—had recently being losing heavily.

"Fellows play in his room every evening, count," added the ex-sub-lieutenant, "and he is such a good fellow! He's so generous that he would give you the very shirt off his back!"

"Very well, let us go to his room and see what sort of people he has got there," said the count.

"Yes, come along; I am sure they will be delighted to see you."

II.

ILIINE, the sub-lieutenant of lancers, had only been awake for a short time. He had sat down at the card-table at eight o'clock on the previous evening, and he had remained there for fifteen consecutive hours; that is, till eleven o'clock in the morning. He had lost rather heavily, but he did not know exactly how much, for besides three thousand roubles of his own, he had had in his possession fifteen thousand belonging to the army-chest, which had got mixed with his private cash. He was really afraid to cast up his accounts, for fear it should turn out that there was a deficiency in the public money.

It was nearly noon when he fell into a deep, dreamless

sleep, such a sleep as a very young man can enjoy, even after a heavy loss. He awoke again at about six o'clock in the evening, just as Count Tourbine was arriving at the hotel. As his eyes fell upon the cards lying on the floor, and upon the stained tables in the middle of the room, he recollected with alarm the play of the previous evening, and that last knave, which had cost him five hundred roubles. Unwilling to believe in the reality of it all, he drew his money from under his pillow and began to count it.

He recognized several of the crumpled notes which had passed from hand to hand, and recollected all the vagaries of the play. The whole of his own three thousand roubles were gone, as well as two thousand five hundred of the amount belonging to the army-chest.

The lancer had been playing for four nights in succession. He had come from Moscow, where he had received the army funds. The posting-master had detained him for a day at K——, upon the pretext that there were no horses, but in reality through connivance with the landlord of the hotel, who was anxious to retain, for at least one day, all the travelers passing through the town. The lancer, who was quite a young man, was extremely fond of pleasure. His parents had just given him three thousand roubles to defray the expenses of his outfit, and he was by no means unwilling to spend a few days at K——, expecting to find plenty of amusement there. He knew a family of pomestchiks in the neighborhood, and he was preparing to go and visit them and pay his court to the daughter of the house, when his neighbor, the ex-sub-lieu-

tenant, entered the room and introduced himself. Later on during the same evening, and without the least interested motive, Zavalchevsky had made Iliine acquainted with Loukhnoff and his other gambling friends who had assembled together in the public room of the hotel. From that first evening the lancer took to play, and not only left his visit to his friend the pomestchik unpaid, but he never even thought of asking the posting-master for horses; he remained in his room for four whole days together.

Having counted his money and ascertained that no less than two thousand five hundred roubles of the army money were missing, Iliine dressed himself, drank some tea, and then went up to the window. He felt inclined to go out for a little while, and try to divert his mind from dwelling upon the previous evening's play. Accordingly, he put on his cloak and went down into the street. The sun had already sunk behind the white-walled, red-roofed houses, and it was growing dusk. The air was warm, and the melting snow fell in great flakes on to the muddy road.

Iliine suddenly felt a thrill of sadness as he reflected that he had slept through the whole of the day, which was now waning. "This day, which is already nearly past, will never return," he thought. "I have lost my youth!" he added to himself, though he did not really believe that he had lost it. He was not even thinking so; the sentence was spoken quite mechanically.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself at last; "borrow the money from some one and go away?"

Just at this moment a lady passed along the opposite sidewalk. "She is a silly creature," Iliine thought to

himself, though he could not have said why. "But from whom can I borrow?" he added. "Ah! I have lost my youth."

He then walked up to a row of shops. A tradesman, wearing a fox-skin cloak, was standing in front of one of them, inviting customers to purchase his wares.

"If I had played that eight," thought Iliine, "I should have won."

A poor old woman was following him, whimpering.

"There is no one from whom I can borrow," he reflected.

A man, wearing a bear-skin cloak, now went past him, and he noticed a policeman on duty.

"What can I do?" he still soliloquized. "What can I think of? What excuse can I make for not paying them? Shall I blow their brains out? No; that would be unpleasant. Ah, I have lost my youth! What lovely harness that is hung up there! I wish I were driving along in a troïka. Well, well, I must get back again. Loukhnoff will be coming presently, and then we shall play."

He returned to his room and counted his money over again. But no, he had not made any mistake. He was two thousand five hundred roubles short.

"I will put down twenty-five roubles as my first stake. I will double the amount for the second round; and I will go on doubling till I have won three thousand roubles. Then I will buy some harness and set off. Ah, if only fortune would befriend me! I have lost my youth!"

Such were the thoughts of the young lancer when Loukhnoff came into his room.

"Have you been long awake, Mikhaïl Vassilivitch?" asked the visitor, as he slowly removed from his bony nose a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles and carefully wiped them with a red silk handkerchief.

"No, only a little time. I slept very soundly?"

"There's a hussar just arrived. He has taken up his quarters with Zavalchevsky. Have you heard anything of him?"

"No. But where are the others?"

"Oh, they've gone to see Priakhine. They'll be here very soon."

Almost immediately, indeed, there arrived an officer of the garrison, who was always with Loukhnoff, a merchant of Greek extraction, with a large hooked nose and deep-set black eyes, a sleek, plump pomestchik, and a distiller, who played whole nights for stakes of fifty copecks. They were all eager to begin playing at once, though the deeper players affected to be thinking about very different things, especially Loukhnoff, who began to relate some stories of the scamps of Moscow.

"You must understand," he said, "that at Moscow, great town and capital though it be, men go out at night with bludgeons, and disguise themselves as devils to frighten foolish folks and rob pedestrians. The police do nothing to prevent it, which is certainly very strange."

The lancer listened attentively to his friend's story, but as soon as it was finished, he rose up from his seat, and, without any one observing what he was about, gave orders for some cards to be brought. The stout pomestchik was the first to find it out.

"Come, gentlemen, what is the use of wasting valuable time?" said he. "If we are going to play let us begin at once."

"You carried off a nice little heap of half roubles yesterday," remarked the Greek, "and that has put you in good spirits."

"Yes, indeed, we had better begin," said the officer belonging to the garrison.

Iliine glanced at Loukhnoff, who was still placidly relating his stories about pickpockets disguised as claw-wearing devils. "Well, shall we begin?" asked the lancer.

"Don't you think it is rather early?"

"Bah!" cried Iliine, blushing, without knowing why. "But bring me some dinner, waiter. I've had nothing to eat yet, gentlemen. And bring some champagne and the cards at the same time."

At this Count Tourbine and Zavalchevsky entered the room. Tourbine and Iliine were attached to the same division. They made friends with each other at once, and clinked their glasses together as they tossed off their champagne. In five minutes' time they were on the most familiar terms. The count seemed to take a strong liking for Iliine, and he smiled continually as he looked at him, joking at his youthfulness. "What a magnificent lancer!" he exclaimed, "and what a splendid mustache!"

In point of fact there were only a few downy hairs upon Iliine's upper lip.

"You look as though you were getting ready to play," then said the count. "Well, I hope you'll win, Iliine."

"Yes, we are going to play," replied Louhknoff, tear-

ing the wrapper off a pack of cards. "Won't you condescend to join us, count?"

"Not to-day, thank you; but I dare say I should have beaten you all if I had. When I sit down no bank can withstand me. But just at present I have no money. I lost everything while we were stopping at Volotchok. I came across a sort of infantry man there. He wore a lot of rings, and I've no doubt but what he was a swindler. He cleaned me out altogether."

"Did you stay a long time at Volotchok?" asked Iliine.

"Two-and-twenty hours. I shall not forget it in a hurry. And the posting-master won't forget it either."

"Why?"

"Well, when I got there, the posting-master, a rascally looking fellow, came out. 'No horses!' he said to me. Now, I have an invariable rule. When there are no horses, without taking off my shouba, I go straight into the master's room, not into the waiting-room, but into the master's own private room, and I throw all the doors and windows wide open, as though I were suffocating. Well, I did that upon this occasion. You recollect how cold it was last month, twenty degrees Réaumur. The posting-master began to make some unpleasant remarks to me, to which I replied by a smart blow on his mouth. An old woman, and some little girls and *babas** then began to cry. They caught up their pots and tried to escape into the village. But I barred the way, and said, 'Give me some

* Peasant women.

horses and I will drive off; if you don't, I shall not let any one go out; you will all remain freezing here.' "

"That was an admirable stratagem!" exclaimed the fat pomestchik, laughing heartily.

"Unfortunately I did not keep up a sufficiently vigilant watch. I went out for a moment or two, and the posting-master and all his babas managed to escape. Only the old woman was left as a hostage, lying on the stove. She was sneezing and praying the whole time. Then we began to negotiate. The posting-master reappeared, and, keeping at a safe distance, tried to persuade me to allow the old woman to leave the room. Then I let my dog Blücher loose. Posting-masters have great attractions for him. However, in spite of all I could do, the scoundrel would not give me any horses till the next morning. Presently this sort of infantry man I just spoke of came up, and we went together into another room, and began to play. By the way, have you seen Blücher? Blücher! Blücher!"

Blücher now bounded up, and the players fondled him with polite kindliness, though it was easy to see that their minds were preoccupied with thoughts of the coming play.

"Well, gentlemen, why don't you begin? Pray don't let me hinder you," said Tourbine. "I am a dreadful gossip, I know. Ah! whatever people may say, play is a delightful thing!"

III.

LOUKHNOFF drew a couple of candles toward him, took a heavy and well-filled brown note-case from his pocket, and then, with all the slow deliberation that would have

suited the performance of some religious ceremony, he laid it upon the table, opened it, took out two notes of a hundred roubles each, and placed them upon the cards.

"The bank has two hundred roubles on hand, the same as yesterday," he said, fixing his spectacles across his nose, and then he shuffled the cards.

"All right," remarked Iliine, without even looking, and still continuing his conversation with Tourbine.

They began to play. Loukhnoff dealt the cards with mechanical regularity, occasionally stopping to leisurely mark a point, or to glance severely over his spectacles as he bade the others proceed with the game.

The stout pomestchik was the noisiest of the party. He kept on making remarks upon the game in a loud voice, and constantly wetted the ends of his plump fingers to get a firmer hold of his cards. The officer of the garrison, on his side, marked down his points in a neat manner, and laid his memorandum down on the table. The Greek was sitting beside the banker, keenly watching the game with his deep-set black eyes, as though he were waiting for something to happen. Suddenly Zavalchevsky, who was standing near the table, made a gesture, and then drew a red note* out of the pocket of his trousers. He covered it with a card, and, bringing his hand down smartly upon the table and keeping it there, he exclaimed—"Oh, seven! do let me win!" Then he chewed his mustache and pawed the floor with his feet, flushing and fidgeting about while the cards were being played.

* A red note is worth ten roubles.

Iliine was eating some veal and gherkins which had been placed near him on a hair-seated couch, and he played his cards one after the other, after hurriedly wiping his fingers on his coat.

Tourbine, who had at first seated himself on the couch, seemed to be troubled by some doubts. Loukhnoff neither looked at the lancer nor spoke to him, though occasionally his spectacles were directed toward his hands. The lancer's cards were proving bad ones.

"If I could only beat that poor little card!" exclaimed Loukhnoff, referring to the one held by the stout pomestchik, who was playing for stakes of fifty copecks.

"You'd better beat Iliine's! What good would it do you to beat mine?"

Iliine's cards seemed to lose oftener than those of any one else. His nervous fingers tore the last one that had lost, and he took a fresh one. Tourbine now rose from the couch and asked the Greek to allow him to sit next to the banker. The Greek willingly changed places, and the count, taking his seat, began to watch Loukhnoff's hands keenly.

"Iliine," he said, suddenly, in a quiet voice, which, however, in spite of its softness, could be heard above the sound of the conversation, "why are you keeping back the—? You don't know how to play."

"It doesn't matter how one plays; it all comes to the same thing."

"You will certainly lose if you play like that. Give me your cards, and let me play them for you."

"No, thank you. Excuse me, please, but I had rather

play them myself. Take a hand of your own if you would like to play."

"No, I've already said that I wouldn't play; still I am quite willing to play your hand. It vexes me to see you losing in this way."

"Oh, it's nothing but my bad luck."

The count said nothing more, but, leaning on his elbows, he again began to watch the banker's hands.

"That's not right!" he suddenly exclaimed, in a loud, sharp voice, and then he repeated the remark more deliberately.

Loukhnoff turned and looked at him.

"That's not right!" again repeated the count, raising his voice, and looking keenly at the banker.

However, the play went on.

"That is not right," once more repeated the count, as Loukhnoff covered a strong card of Iliine's.

"What is it that displeases you, count?" asked the banker, in a politely indifferent tone.

The count made an objection to a point in Loukhnoff's play, but the latter merely shrugged his shoulders, and the game went on.

"Blücher!" called the count, getting up and whistling. "Bite him!" he added, sharply.

Blücher almost overturned the officer of the garrison as he jostled against him. He sprung at a bound to his master, growled and whisked his tail, and looked around him. He seemed to be asking who was misbehaving himself. Meanwhile Loukhnoff laid down his cards and pushed his chair back.

"We can't go on playing in this way," he said. "I detest dogs. How is it possible to play if people bring a pack of hounds into the room?"

"Especially hounds of this kind," continued the officer of the garrison. "This is what is called a blood-hound, I believe."

"Well, Mikhaïl Vassilivitch, are we to play or are we not?" asked Loukhnoff of the master of the room.

"Pray don't disturb us, count," said the young lancer to Tourbine.

"Come here for a moment," replied Tourbine, taking Iliine by the arm, and leading him to the other side of the screen.

All that was said by the count, who spoke in his ordinary voice, could be distinctly heard at the card-table; indeed, the hussar's ordinary voice was so loud that it could have been heard through three partitions.

"Are you mad?" he asked. "Can't you see that that gentleman with the spectacles is a sharper of the worst kind?"

"But—"

"There are no 'buts' about it. Give over playing, I tell you. Of course it makes no difference to me personally. At another time I might have emptied your pockets myself. I don't know how it is, but I felt quite sorry for you as I saw you losing like that. Perhaps you have lost some army cash?"

"No. What makes you think that?"

"My good fellow, I have traveled the same path myself. I know all the tricks of the professional gamblers; and I

assure you that the gentleman with the spectacles is a member of the fraternity. Give over playing, I beg of you. I beg of you as a comrade."

"Well, just let me have one more round, and then I will stop."

"Ah! yes, I dare say. I know what 'one more round' means. Well, we shall see."

They returned to the table, and Iliine staked such a large sum on a single card that he lost very heavily.

"There now, that will do; let us be off!" exclaimed Tourbine, laying his hand on the table.

"No, no; I can't now," said Iliine with vexation, shuffling the cards and keeping his eyes averted from Tourbine.

"Very well, then, please yourself, and go on with the certainty of losing. I shall retire, at any rate. Zavalchevsky," added the count, and addressing the ex-sub-lieutenant, "let us go to the predvoditel's."

The two men then left the room. All the others maintained silence, and Loukhnoff did not commence playing again till the sound of Tourbine's retreating footsteps and of Blücher's paws had died away in the corridor.

"What a strange fellow!" exclaimed the pomestchik, with a laugh.

"Well, he won't trouble us any more now," said the officer of the garrison, in a low quick tone.

Then they began to play again.

IV.

THE musicians engaged by the predvoditel had taken up their position behind an improvised refreshment counter. They turned up the cuffs of their sleeves, and, at a sign from their conductor, began to play an old-fashioned polonaise. Then, in the soft subdued light of the wax-candles, and to the harmonious accompaniment of the music, there glided over the floor of the great drawing-room a governor-general, dating from the time of the Empress Catherine, wearing a star on his breast, and circling with his arm the waist of the predvoditel's scranny wife. Next came the predvoditel himself with the governor's wife as his partner, and all the other officials of the government and their ladies in different combinations. They had only just begun the dance when Zavalchevsky, tightly buttoned up in a blue dress-coat with a large collar, and with the top of his sleeves plaited almost into a semblance of epaulets; wearing, moreover, shoes and stockings of the daintiest fashion, and shedding around him the odor of the jasmine, with which his mustache, his handkerchief, and the lining of his coat were saturated, entered the room accompanied by the handsome hussar, who was wearing a pair of tight-fitting blue pantaloons, and a crimson dolman embroidered with gold, from which hung the cross of Wladimir and the medal of 1812.

The count was of middle height, and had an admirable figure. Moreover, his large gleaming light-blue eyes, and his hair, which was rather dark than fair, and which curled

in thick ringlets about his head, lent him a comeliness of a remarkable character. His arrival had been expected, for the handsome young man whom he had seen at the hotel had spoken of him to the predvoditel.

"This fine stripling will probably sneer at us all," thought the elder ladies and the men; while through the minds of the younger wives and the unmarried girls there flitted vague thoughts that he might perchance forcibly carry them off with him.

As soon as the polonaise was over, and the customary courtesies had been exchanged between the different couples, the ladies clustered together, and the men did likewise. Then Zavalchevsky, brimming over with pride and happiness, made his way up to the mistress of the house. The latter, feeling an inward fear least the hussar should do anything unseemly before all the company, turned round and said, with an air of condescension: "I am very glad to see you. I hope that you will dance." Then she cast a glance at the count which seemed to say: "If you insult any lady here you will be showing that you are nothing but a blackguard."

The count, however, quickly overcame his hostess's prejudices against him by a display of charming amiability; such was the effect of his courteous attentions and the smiling, graceful expression of his handsome face, that, five minutes later, the countenance of the predvoditel's wife seemed to be saying: "I know how to manage these gentlemen. This hussar at once saw what sort of a person I was, and now you'll find that he will be as nice as possible with me all the evening."

The governor, who knew the young man's father, now came up to him, and, with a kindly air, led him apart and began to chat with him. This still further reassured the guests, and raised the count in their esteem.

Then Zavalchevsky introduced him to his sister, a plump young widow, who had been gazing at the count with her big black eyes ever since his arrival. Tourbine asked the young widow to be his partner in the waltz which the musicians were just commencing; and then, by his skillful dancing, he completely destroyed the last vestige of the prejudices which the guests had entertained against him.

"Doesn't he dance beautifully?" exclaimed the pomestchik's stout wife, as she watched the rhythmic motion of the hussar's legs, and mentally counted the time—"One, two, three; one, two three. Oh, he's a perfect artist!"

"One would almost think that he was writing with his legs," said one of the lady guests, who was temporarily staying in K——, and who was considered a woman of bad tone by the local society. "I wonder how he manages to keep his spurs from catching any one. It's quite wonderful; he is really very skillful."

The count quite eclipsed the three best dancers present. There was a foolish-looking, fair young aid-de-camp who distinguished himself by the rapidity of his movements and by the manner in which he held his partner tightly clasped to him; there was a cavalier, who was celebrated for his graceful swaying motion while waltzing, and for the frequent gentle taps which he gave with his heels upon the floor; and there was also a civilian, of whom it was usually said that, although he possessed but feeble intelligence, he

was an admirable dancer, and the life and soul of all the balls. This civilian, indeed, from the very beginning of a ball until its close, made a point of asking every lady in turn to be his partner, taking them one after another in due order of rotation, and never ceasing to dance, except, perhaps, just for a moment to allow himself to wipe his fatigued but radiant face with his cambric handkerchief. The count, however, eclipsed them all. He danced with the three most notable ladies; one of whom was tall, rich, beautiful, and foolish; another being of medium height, thin, and, although not overpretty, extremely well-dressed; while the third was short and plain, but very intelligent. He danced also with various other ladies; in fact, with every pretty one, of whom there were several present.

It was the young widow, however, who seemed to please Tourbine most. They danced a quadrille, a schottische and a mazurka together. During the quadrille the count lavished many high-flown compliments upon his partner, comparing her with Venus and Diana, with a rose, and then with some other flower. Zavalchevsky's sister merely bent her white supple neck in response to all these compliments, and looked down on her white muslin dress, as she kept transferring her fan from one hand to the other. When at last she said, "Please give over, count; you are only making fun of me," her slightly guttural voice seemed to tell of a bright frankness, the utter unsophistication of which was almost amusing. Indeed, her air of innocence inclined one to think that she was not really a woman, but a flower; not a rose, however, but rather some exuberant, pink, odorless wild blossom, which could only have bloomed

on some little hillock clad with virgin snow in a far-away land.

This bright artlessness, coupled with the young widow's fresh beauty, produced such an effect upon the count that several times during their conversation, while he silently gazed at his own image in her eyes, or while his glance rested on the lovely curves of her arms and neck, he felt a strong impulse to take her in his arms and kiss her all over. Indeed, he was obliged to make a great effort in order to restrain himself from satisfying his longing desires. The young woman noticed with pleasure the favorable impression which she was making upon him, but something in his demeanor at last began to disturb and frighten her. Still, the young hussar, whatever his thoughts may have been, had acted throughout in a pleasant and amiable manner, and had never for one moment exceeded the limits of respectful courtesy, which he carried indeed almost to exaggeration.

He ran to get her some almond-water, and eagerly picked up her handkerchief; and, in his haste to provide her with a seat, he seized a chair out of the hands of a scrofulous young pomestchik who was fluttering about her. Noticing, however, that the commonplace pleasantries which were in vogue at that time had but little effect upon the lady, he tried to enliven her by telling her several amusing stories. He told her, too, that, if she ordered him to do so, he would immediately stand on his head with his feet in the air, or else imitate a cock's crow, or break a pane of glass and jump out of the window through the hole. This chatter seemed to accomplish his purpose, for

the young widow grew very merry. She laughed hilariously, displaying her gleaming white teeth, and she now seemed to be quite pleased and satisfied with her cavalier. As for the count, he grew more and more enchanted with the young woman, and at length, at the end of one quadrille, he was altogether in love with her.

After that quadrille, when the young woman saw a faithful eighteen-year-old admirer, the son of a very rich pomestchik, that same scrofulous youth from whose hands Tourbine had snatched the chair, approaching her, she received him very coldly; and it was noticed that she did not manifest one tenth of the nervous confusion that she had shown while she was with the count.

"You're a polite young man!" she exclaimed to the youthful pomestchik, keeping Tourbine's back however well in view, and mentally calculating how many yards of gold lace must have been used in the embroidering of his dolman. "You're a polite young man! You promised to come and take me for a walk, and bring me some sweetmeats."

"And I did come, Anna Feodorovna; but you were not at home. I left you some of the best sweetmeats I could get," replied the young man, in a weak voice which seemed quite out of proportion with his tall stature.

"Ah, you are always provided with an excuse; but I don't want your sweets, and I trust that you won't think—"

"I can see very well, Anna Feodorovna, that you have changed in your feelings toward me," said the young man. "It is really very unkind—" he continued, but he did not

finish what he was going to say, being prevented by deep mental agitation, which revealed itself in the violent and unwonted trembling of his lips.

Anna Feodorovna was not even listening to him; she was still watching Tourbine.

The master of the house, a toothless old man, majestically stout, had now come up to the count, and, taking him by the hand had led him toward his own room, where he told him he might smoke and drink if he wished to do so. As soon as Tourbine had retired, Anna Feodorovna felt that there was no longer any motive for her to remain in the ball-room, and so she took the arm of an elderly and withered spinster friend and dragged her away into a boudoir.

"Well, do you like him?" asked the elderly virgin.

"Moderately; only he is so dreadfully forward," replied Anna Feodorovna, going up to the mirror and looking at her reflection.

Her face lighted up, her eyes broke out into a smile, and she blushed slightly; then, suddenly, after the manner of the ballet-dancers, whom she had seen at the performances specially got up for the elections, she rapidly wheeled round on one foot, and, with a slightly guttural though charming laugh, sprung up into the air, bending her knees as she did so.

"Oh, he is such a man! He asked me for a souvenir," she said. "But he sha'n't have one!" she added in a singing voice, raising one of the fingers of her gloved hand up to her elbow.

In the room into which the predvoditel had taken Tour-

bine there was an array of bottles containing various sorts of vodka and liqueurs. There were also various cold meats and some champagne; and amid a cloud of smoke several noblemen were seated there, all of them discussing the elections.

"When the whole of the nobility of another district has honored him by electing him as their representative," so the newly elected ispravnik, who was already moderately tipsy was saying, "he ought not to fail in his duty to society generally. He ought never to have—"

However, the entrance of the count interrupted the conversation, and the young man was introduced to the company. The ispravnik took Tourbine's hands within his own, and pressed him repeatedly and at great length to come with him after the ball to a newly established saloon, where he meant to regale the whole company while they heard the gypsy performers sing. The count promised that he would go, and he also drank several glasses of champagne with the ispravnik.

"But why aren't you dancing, gentlemen?" he asked, before leaving the predvoditel's sanctum to return to the ball-room.

"Oh, we are not dancing men," replied the ispravnik, with a laugh. "We prefer drinking wine, count. Besides, I've seen all these young ladies grow up. Still, I do sometimes take a few turns in a schottische, count. I can manage that."

"Then come along!" said the hussar. "Let us have a little fun before we go to hear the gypsies."

"All right. Come along, gentlemen, and let us have a little fun."

Three gentlemen with roseate complexions, who had been busy drinking since the beginning of the ball, now drew on their gloves, some of which were of black kid while others were of silk, and they were about to enter the ball-room with the count when they were stopped by the scrofulous young man, who, with a pallid face and scarcely able to restrain his tears, stepped up to Tourbine.

"Perhaps you imagine, count," he said, almost choking for breath, "that you have a right to hustle people at a ball as though you were at a fair. It is not very gentlemanly—" he added, but at that point his lips trembled so violently that he could not proceed any further.

"What are you saying?" cried the count, sobered at once. "What are you saying, you stripling?" he cried, seizing hold of the young man's arm, and squeezing it so tightly that the youth's blood rushed to his face, not from anger, but from sheer fright. "Do you want a duel? If so, I am quite at your service."

Tourbine had scarcely released the arm which he had gripped so roughly before two of the gentlemen present took hold of the scrofulous youth under the armpits and dragged him off toward a door at the back of the house.

"Are you mad, or are you drunk? We shall go and speak to your father; it is of no use whatever talking to you," they said to him.

"No, I am not drunk. He goes hustling along, and never thinks of apologizing. He is a pig, that's what he

is!" jerked out the young man, while his eyes brimmed over with tears.

His captors, however, would not listen to him, but took him home.

"Don't take any notice of him, count," in the meanwhile said the ispravnik and Zavalcnevsky. "He is only a child, and he shall have a whipping if necessary. He's only sixteen years old."

"But what possessed him? I can't understand it at all. What bee has stung him? His father is such an excellent man. He is our candidate," added another gentleman.

Then the count went back to the ball-room, and danced another schottische with the pretty widow. He laughed merrily as he watched the steps of the gentlemen who had left the little room at the same time as himself, and he gave still louder expression to his amusement when the ispravnik slipped and fell down full length in the midst of all the dancers.

V.

While the count was in the predvoditel's sanctum, Anna Feodorovna went up to her brother, the ex-sub-lieutenant; and although she had a vague consciousness that she ought not to evince any particular interest in a young man, she could not refrain from making some inquiries about her new friend.

"Who is that hussar who has been dancing with me?" she asked her brother.

Zavalchevsky, to the best of his ability, thereupon ex-

plained what an important personage the hussar was; and he further stated that the count was stopping at K—— because he had been robbed of his money while he was traveling, and that he, Zavalchevsky, had lent him a hundred roubles, though that amount was unfortunately insufficient for his needs. Then he asked his sister if she could not supply another two hundred roubles, cautioning her, at the same time, to say nothing about the matter, especially to the count.

Anna Feodorovna promised to supply the required sum that very evening, and to keep complete silence about it. However, during the schottische, she felt an almost irresistible inclination to offer the count as much money as he wanted. For a long time she reflected as to how she might best approach the subject, and at length she made an effort, and said, with a blush:

"My brother has told me, count, that you have had a misfortune on your journey, and that you find yourself without any money. If you are in need of any, will you let me be your creditor? I should feel greatly flattered if you would."

As she spoke, the young woman began to feel frightened, and turned quite red. The count's face had lost all its brightness.

"Your brother is an idiot!" he said in his trenchant tones. "As you must know, when one man insults another they fight. But when a woman insults a man, can you tell me what he ought to do?"

Poor Anna Feodorovna blushed up to her eyes. She looked down at the ground, and remained silent.

"In the case of a young woman, the man kisses her publicly," softly resumed the count, bending toward the young widow's ear. "Well, allow me at least to kiss your little hand," he continued, after a moment's silence, taking pity on Anna Feodorovna's embarrassment.

"Well, but not here," whispered the young widow, with an effort.

"But where, then? I go away at dawn to-morrow, and you owe me that kiss, you know."

"And that's a reason why it can not be," replied Anna Feodorovna, with a smile.

"Well, only permit me to look for an opportunity this evening, and I will undertake to find it."

"But how?"

"Ah, that does not concern you. I should find anything possible if it enabled me to see you. It is understood, then?"

"Very well."

When the schottische was finished they danced a mazurka together, during which the count displayed such marvelous skill in snatching up handkerchiefs as he flew along, and in supporting himself on one knee while he struck his spurs *à la varsovienne*, that the old men crowded round to look at him, and the best dancers in the room confessed themselves surpassed.

Then they all sat down to supper, after which the *grossvater* was danced, and finally the company gradually began to disperse.

The count had never taken his eyes off the young widow. He had been quite sincere when he had offered to throw

himself out of the window for her sake. Was it a mere whim of his? Was it really love, or only a caprice? When he saw her saying good-bye to her hostess, he hurried out without his shouba, and made his way to the spot where the carriages were drawn up.

"Anna Feodorovna Zaïtsova's carriage!" he cried, whereupon a large four-seated coach, lighted with lamps, began to approach the steps.

"Stop!" then cried the count, running up to the carriage, quite regardless of the snow, through which he was plunging up to his knees.

"What's the matter?" asked the coachman.

"I must get into the carriage!" replied the count, opening the door and trying to get inside: "Stop, I tell you, you idiot of a driver!"

"Well, let us stop, Vaska,"* exclaimed the coachman to the footman, and then he checked his horses. "But why do you want to get into this carriage, which isn't yours?" he continued, addressing the count. "It is Anna Feodorovna's, and not your lordship's."

"Hold your tongue, stupid! Here's a rouble for you. Come down and shut the door."

As the coachman, however, remained in his place, Tourbine let down the window and fastened the door.

The inside of the coach, like that of most old coaches, especially those ornamented with yellow lace-work, exhaled an unpleasant odor of burned hair. The count's legs, soaked to the knees with the melted snow, were freezing in

* A diminutive of Vassili.

his high boots and tight trousers, and indeed his whole body was numbed with cold. The coachman, too, was grumbling on the box, but the count heard nothing and felt nothing. At last he hastily seized hold of the yellow window-strap and popped his head out of the vehicle. He had not long to wait.

"Mrs. Zaïtsova's carriage!" called a voice from the steps.

The coachman caught up his reins, the body of the carriage jolted on its high springs, and the illuminated windows of the house flitted one by one past Tourbine.

"Now listen to me, fellow," said the count to the coachman, putting his head through the front window, "if you tell the footmen of the house that I am here I will give you a hiding. But if you hold your tongue you shall have ten roubles."

He had scarcely time to close the window again before the carriage gave a heavy jolt and then stopped.

The door was now opened, and the steps were lowered. There was the rustling of a woman's dress, and then an odor of jasmine penetrated the unpleasant atmosphere of the coach. Nimble little feet mounted the steps, and Anna Feodorovna's loose fur cloak brushed against the count as the young widow sunk down silent and panting by his side.

Had she seen him? No one could tell that; not even Anna Feodorovna herself. But when he took her hand and said, "I will kiss your little hand, at any rate," she did not seem much alarmed. She made no reply, but sur-

rendered her hand to the count, who covered it with kisses. Meanwhile the carriage rolled on.

VI.

THE newly elected ispravnik with his company of friends had been drinking in the new saloon and listening to the singing of the gypsies for a considerable time when the count, wearing a blue cloak which had belonged to Anna Feodorovna's late husband, eventually joined the party.

"Ah, my little father, is that your excellency? We have been expecting you for a long time!" explained a dark and suspicious-looking fellow in the lobby, exposing his gleaming teeth as he spoke. Then he assisted the count to take off his shouba.

"We haven't seen you since we were at Lebediane," he continued. "Stiochka has been dreadfully mopish."

Stiochka, a young gypsy girl with a slight, lissom figure, an olive complexion, cheeks brightly tinged with red, and lustrous black eyes gleaming beneath long lashes, now ran up to meet the count.

"Ah, my dear, dear count! what happiness to see you!" she exclaimed, with a joyous laugh.

Even Iliusha, the leader of the gypsies, ran forward and affected an appearance of delight. Then the old women, the babas, and the girls sprung up from their seats and surrounded the new-comer. Tourbine kissed all the young gypsy girls on the lips, while the old women and the men kissed his shoulder and his hand. The noblemen present expressed great pleasure at seeing him, specially as the per-

formance, after reaching its climax, was now losing all interest. A feeling of lassitude was following upon the excitement which had been felt earlier in the evening. Wine had lost its stimulating influence upon the guests' nerves, and it now only increased the heaviness of their stomachs. They had all thrown away their cigars, and were rapidly getting bored. All the songs had been sung, leaving a confused buzzing sound in the heads of the party—a sound destitute of harmony and which seemed to them mere noise. Nothing that was done now afforded them any amusement.

The ispravnik, who was lying on the floor at the feet of one old woman, was in an indescribably besotted condition.

"Bring some more champagne!" he shouted, kicking his legs about. "Bring some more champagne! the count has come! Bring some more champagne, I tell you! I should like to plunge into a great bath of champagne! Ah, my noble friends, I delight in the society of high-born men. Stiochka, come and sing us 'The Little Lane.'"

The ex-sub-lieutenant, who also was there, was likewise very merry, but he showed it in a different way. He was sitting on a couch, close to a tall and pretty gypsy girl called Lioubacha. The fumes of the wine he had imbibed had obscured his sight, and he kept blinking his eyes and rocking his head, and repeating the same words over and over again, as he tried to persuade the girl to run away with him somewhere or other.

Lioubacha listened to him smiling, as though she found his remarks very amusing, still there was a touch of sadness on her face. Every now and then she glanced at her

husband, the doubtful-looking Sachka, who was standing in front of her, leaning against a chair. As Zavalchevsky told her of his love for her, she bent toward his ear, and asked him in a whisper to buy her some ribbons and scent without letting any one know about it. But the ex-sub-lieutenant's only reply was—"Hurrah!" for at that moment he saw the count make his appearance.

Just then a handsome young man was sauntering up and down with a thoughtful expression on his countenance, every now and then fitfully hastening his steps, and humming some tunes from the "Révolte au Serail." An old paterfamiliars, who had been induced to come and hear the gypsies by the pressing and repeated solicitations of his noble friends, who had protested that they did not care to go without him, and that the evening would be worth nothing if he did not accompany them, was to be seen lying on a couch. He had taken up his position there as soon as he had arrived, and no one paid any further attention to him. Among those present there was also a certain tchinovnik who had taken off his coat, and who was very unceremoniously leaning back in his seat, with his legs resting on the table. He was passing his hands through his hair, and his whole demeanor seemed to proclaim to the company that he was a man who knew what life was.

When the count made his appearance, this tchinovnik unbuttoned his shirt collar, and pushed his legs still further on to the table. The count's arrival had given a fresh impetus to the evening's amusement.

The gypsies, who had dispersed in different directions, now gathered together again in a ring. The count took

pretty Stiochka, the soloist, upon his knees, and ordered some champagne. Iliusha then took up his guitar and stood in front of Stiochka, and the singing commenced again. Stiochka sung very well. Her full, powerful and flexible soprano notes seemed to flow from her chest with perfect ease. Her smile, her laughing, passionate eyes, her little feet, which involuntarily beat time as she sung, and her piercing scream at the commencement of each new verse, all affected her audience profoundly. It was easy to see that her whole being was poured forth in her singing.

Iliusha smiled, and moved his back and legs, indeed, his whole body, to give expression to the words of the song which he was accompanying on his guitar. His eyes were as ardently fixed upon the vocalist as though he had never seen her before. He beat time by nodding his head, and at the last note of the song he sharply braced himself up, and, with an air which seemed to proclaim that he considered himself the superior of every one present, he struck his guitar on his knee, and then, stamping his foot on the ground, flung back his hair, and gazed frowningly at the choir. His whole body, from his head to his heels, quivered in every fiber. A score of energetic voices burst forth and filled the room. The old women leaped on to their chairs, shaking their handkerchiefs, showing their teeth, and breaking out into a volley of cries. Meanwhile the *bassi*, leaning their heads on their shoulders and puffing out their throats, bellowed forth from behind the chairs.

When Stiochka sung her high notes, Iliusha brought his guitar closer to her, as though he were trying to assist her

in getting the right pitch. The handsome young man was transported with delight. "Ah!" he cried, "it is in flats! it is in flats!"

While the *pliasovaïa** was being danced, and when the gypsy Douniacha passed, with quivering bosom and shoulders, in front of the count, the latter sprung up from his seat, took off his tunic, and began to dance energetically in his red shirt and blue trousers. He made such amazing bounds into the air that the *Ziganï*† smiled their approbation as they watched him.

The ispravnik in the meanwhile was squatting in Turkish fashion, and kept striking his breast with his fist, and crying, "Hurrah!" By and by he seized the count by the leg, and began to explain to him that he had only got five hundred roubles left out of two thousand with which he had provided himself, but that all the same he was willing to do whatever the count wished.

The old paterfamilias now woke up, and wanted to go away, but the others prevented him. The handsome young man asked one of the gypsy girls to waltz with him; and the ex-sub-lieutenant, wishing to advertise his intimacy with the count, sprung up from his corner, and clasped Tourbine in his arms.

"Ah, my dear fellow," he said, "why did you leave us?"

The count made no reply, and his mind was evidently preoccupied.

* A Rusian national dance.

† The name by which the gypsies are known in Russia.

"Where did you go? Ah, count, you scamp, I know where you went!"

This familiarity displeased Tourbine, who looked coldly at Zavalchevsky, and replied to him with such a foul and insulting remark that the poor fellow, overcome with vexation, did not know how to take it. He ended, however, by thinking that it must have been meant only as a joke, and he went back to his gypsy girl, whom he promised to marry after the Easter feasts.

Another song was now sung, and then another. Dancing was still going on, and every one seemed quite happy. The supply of champagne was kept up, and the count drank very freely. His eyes looked moist, but he kept his balance perfectly, dancing correctly, talking in firm tones, and even joining in with the chorus to Stiochka's song.

In the middle of a dance the proprietor of the saloon made his appearance, and asked his patrons to retire, as it was past two o'clock in the morning. The count, however, grasped hold of him by the neck, and ordered him to dance the *pliasovaïa* with him. The landlord refused. Then Tourbine seized a bottle of champagne, and, turning the unhappy man upside down, with his head on the floor and his feet in the air, he ordered the rest of the company to hold him in that position while he himself, in the midst of general laughter, slowly emptied the bottle of champagne over him.

Daylight was now beginning to break, and all the company, excepting the count, were looking pale and weary.

"Well, I must make a start for Moscow," now said Tourbine, rising from his seat. "Come along to the hotel

with me, all of you," he continued, "and we will have some tea together."

They all expressed their willingness to do so, except the pomestchik, who was lying fast asleep on a couch. Then they crowded themselves into the three sledges which were waiting for them outside, and were taken off to the hotel.

VII.

"GET the horses ready!" commanded the count, as he entered the drawing-room of the hotel, followed by his company of friends, which also included the zigani.

"Sachka! My own man Sachka, I mean, not the gypsy Sachka! Go and tell the posting-master that I will give him a hiding if he doesn't let me have good horses. Then you must get us some tea. Zavalchevsky, just see about the tea. I'm going up to Iliine's room for a moment," continued Tourbine, walking off in the direction of the lancer's apartment; "I want to find out what has become of him."

Iliine's card-party had just separated, and the young man had lost all his money, to the very last copeck. He was lying on his back on a ragged horse-hair couch, the hairs of which he kept pulling out. Then he chewed them with his teeth, and finally tossed them away. On the table, among the litter of cards, there were two candles, one of which had burned down to the ring of paper which served as a socket, and the flames of both were dimly struggling against the light of the morning, which was breaking in through the windows.

The young man's mind was perfectly free from all anxiety. The thick fog of his passion for play had so completely clouded all his faculties that he did not even feel any regret. For a moment or two he vaguely tried to think of what he should do next, and how he should get away, now that he no longer had a single copeck in his pocket. He wondered, too, how he was going to refund those fifteen thousand roubles which belonged to the army-chest. What would his colonel say, and his mother, and his comrades? At this sudden thought such a feeling of terror and self-disgust overcame him that, in the hope of casting it off, he rose up and began to walk about the room, and tried to divert his thoughts by making a point of walking only on the interstices in the flooring. Every little detail of the play recurred to his mind. He had fancied that he was going to win; he had taken up a nine, and laid the king of spades upon two thousand roubles, and then a queen and the king of diamonds were played on his right, and an ace on his left, and all was lost. If only a ten had been played on his right, and the king of diamonds on his left, he would have won his money back! He would in that case have then made a certain stake, and have contrived to win a clear fifteen thousand roubles. Then he would have bought a splendid horse for his colonel, and two others for himself, and a carriage, and—ah! what else would he not have bought? It would have been very delightful if matters had only resulted in that way. After these reflections he threw himself down on the couch once more, and again began to chew the horse-hairs.

"Who's that singing in No. 7, I wonder?" he thought.

"They're having some fun in Tourbine's room, I suppose. I think I'll go and have a drink of something with them!"

It was at this moment that the count entered the lancer's room. "Well, my friend, you've lost everything, I suppose!" exclaimed Tourbine.

"I'll pretend to be asleep," thought Iliine, "or else I shall have to talk to him; and in reality I want to go to sleep."

Tourbine stepped up to him, however, and laid his hand on his head, caressing it softly.

"Ah, my friend, I know that you have lost everything! Come, speak to me!"

Iliine made no reply.

Then the count pulled his sleeve.

"Yes, I've lost. But what does it matter to you?" now said Iliine, without moving, and in a tone which was at once expressive of displeasure, sleepiness and indifference.

"Everything?"

"Yes, indeed. But you're none the worse for it. What does it matter to you?"

"Listen to me, now, and tell the truth to me, as to a friend," rejoined the count, who, affected to tenderness by the wine he had drunk, was still fondling the lancer's head. "I assure you that I am fond of you. Tell me the truth, now. If you have lost the money belonging to the army-chest I will help you. It may be too late afterward. You have lost the army money, haven't you?"

Iliine sprung up sharply. "If you want me to talk to you, don't speak about that subject, and don't question me," he said. "I beg of you not to question me. There's

nothing left for me to do but to blow my brains out!" added the young fellow in unfeigned despair.

Then he let his head fall upon his hands, and he burst into tears, although only a minute before he had been calmly thinking about horses.

"What a foolish girl you are! Doesn't this sort of thing happen to everybody?" rejoined Tourbine. "It's nothing so very terrible? I dare say we shall be able to put matters straight again. Wait here for me."

Then the count left the room.

"Which room does Loukhnoff, the pomestchik, occupy?" he asked of one of the hotel waiters.

The waiter offered to go with him and show him the apartment.

In spite of the protestations of Louhknoff's valet, who declared that his master had only just come back and was undressing, the count insisted upon entering the room.

The pomestchik, in his dressing-gown, was sitting at a table counting several packages of bank-notes which were lying in front of him.

There was a bottle of Rhine wine on the table—a wine of which Loukhnoff was particularly fond, and his taste for which he allowed himself to gratify when he had won at cards. Loukhnoff coldly glared at the count over his spectacles, as though he did not know him.

"You don't appear to recognize me," said the hussar, advancing to the table with a firm step.

Loukhnoff then affected to remember Tourbine. "What is it you want?" he asked.

"I want to play at cards with you," replied Tourbine, sitting down on the couch.

"At this time of the morning?"

"Yes."

"Some other day, count, I shall have great pleasure in playing with you, but just now I feel very tired, and I want to go to sleep. Will you have a glass of wine? It is very good."

"I wish to play now."

"But I am not inclined to do so. I dare say that one of the other gentlemen will be glad to engage in a game with you, but for my own part, count, I must really beg to be excused."

"You won't play, then?"

Loukhnoff shrugged his shoulders, as if to express his regret at not being able to oblige the count.

"You absolutely refuse to play, then?" repeated Tourbine.

Loukhnoff again shrugged his shoulders.

"I beg of you to play with me. Will you?"

Loukhnoff remained perfectly silent.

"Will you play?" again asked Tourbine. "Take care!"

Loukhnoff, however, still maintained silence. Casting a quick glance over his spectacles, he saw that Tourbine's countenance was growing black and threatening.

"Will you play?" now cried the hussar in a voice of thunder; and as he spoke he struck the table so heavily with his fist that the bottle of Rhine wine leaped up and

fell over. "You were cheating a little while ago when you played. For the last time, will you play?"

"I have told you that I will not. This is very strange behavior, count, and not at all that of a gentleman. The idea of coming into a man's room and assailing him like this!" said Loukhnoff, without raising his eyes.

There was a short interval of silence, during which the count's face grew still sterner. Suddenly Loukhnoff received a stunning blow on the head, and he fell reeling on to the couch, clutching at his money as he fell, and breaking out into such a piercing shriek that one could scarcely have believed that it proceeded from so tranquil and staid a looking man.

Tourbine, however, gathered up the money which remained on the table, hustled past the valet who had rushed into the room to his master's assistance, and then hurried away.

"If you wish for satisfaction, I am quite at your service," he said, as he went out of the door. "I shall be in room No. 7 for the next half hour."

"Scoundrel! Thief! I will have you prosecuted!" cried Loukhnoff.

Iliine had paid no heed to the count's promise, but had remained lying on the couch, weeping tears of despair. The hussar's sympathy and caresses had fully awakened him to the real state of affairs, and the consciousness that he was ruined now clearly dawned upon him through the hazy confusion of mingled thoughts, reflections and recollections which had clogged his mind. His youth, already rich in memories, his honor, his social reputation, his

dreams of love and friendship, all were blasted and ruined forever.

The fount of his tears at last began to dry up. The calmness of utter despair was gradually beginning to possess him, and his mind began to dwell upon the thought of suicide, which no longer inspired him with any thought of terror or disgust. Just at that moment, however, he heard the count's firm step. Traces of recent anger were still to be seen on Tourbine's brow, and his hands were still quivering, though a light of kindliness and pleasure gleamed in his eyes.

"Here, take them! You have won your money back again!" he cried, tossing the bundles of bank-notes on the table. "Count them, and see if you have got the right amount, and then come as quickly as you can into the public room, for I am off directly," he added, affecting not to notice the lancer's extreme agitation—an agitation that was born of joy and gratitude.

Then the count left the room whistling a gypsy air.

VIII.

SACHKA tightened his belt around him, and when he had informed his master that the horses were ready, he asked to be allowed to remain behind, so that he might try to recover the count's cloak, which, with its collar, he declared, was worth at least three thousand roubles. He wished to recover it and restore the paltry blue shouba which the thieves at the predvoditel's house had palmed off upon his master in place of his own handsome garment. The

count, however, replied that the matter was not worth troubling about, and went upstairs to his room to change his clothes.

Zavalchevsky was still hiccoughing by the side of his gypsy girl. The ispravnik had called for some vodka, and invited the company to go to his house to breakfast, swearing that his wife should dance with the zigani. The handsome young man was asserting, with an air of profound conviction, that the piano possessed more soul than any other instrument in the world, and that flats could not be sounded on the guitar. The tchinovnik was drinking his tea in moody melancholy, and the breaking dawn seemed to fill him with a feeling of shame for his debauch. The gypsies were chattering among themselves in their own language, and wanted to begin singing again, but Stiochka objected, saying that the *barorai** would be vexed. All the guests, indeed, seemed quite wearied out with the night's orgie.

"Well, we'll have just one song by way of good-bye, and then we'll be off," said the count, looking bright and gay and handsome, as he came into the room in his traveling dress.

The gypsies gathered into a circle again, and they were just about to commence their song when Iliine came into the room, carrying in his hand a bundle of bank-notes. He took the count aside.

"I had altogether fifteen thousand roubles belonging to the army-chest, and you have given me sixteen thousand

* The gypsy word in Russia for a count of prince; or, more exactly, a great lord.

three hundred. The surplus, consequently, belongs to yourself," he said.

"Good, give it to me!"

Iliine handed him the money, looking at him timidly as he did so. Then he opened his lips, as though he were going to say something, but he blushed, and the tears darted to his eyes. He seized the count's hand and pressed it.

"Be off with you now, Iliusha," said Tourbine to the leader of the zigani. "Here's some money for you, but you must escort me as far as the ramparts."

The count then tossed on to the gypsy's guitar the thirteen hundred roubles which Iliine had just given him, without thinking for a moment of the hundred roubles which he had borrowed from Zavalchevsky on the previous evening.

It was now ten o'clock in the morning. The sun had risen above the house-tops, and the streets were growing busy. The shop-keepers had long since opened their shops; gentlemen and tchinovniks were driving along in their carriages, and ladies were starting shopping when the troop of zigani, the ispravnik, the ex-sub-lieutenant, the handsome young man, and Iliine and the count, the latter enveloped in his blue bearskin shouba, came down the steps of the hotel.

It was a fine morning, although it was thawing. Three posting-horses, with their tails knotted very short, were pawing the liquid mud. They were brought up to the steps, and all the company got into the sledges.

Tourbine, Iliine, Stiochka, Iliusha, and Sachka, the servant, got into the first sledge. Blücher, wild with de-

light, barked in front of the middle horse. The rest of the company, including the zigani of both sexes, got into the second sledge. Then the vehicles started off, one behind the other, and the gypsies began to sing.

The horses, excited by the din of the singing and the bells, galloped along through the town as far as the rampart, forcing the carriages which they met to turn hastily to the side of the road for refuge.

The shop-keepers and other people in the streets, many of whom knew some of the count's companions, could not conceal their astonishment at seeing noblemen driving along in broad daylight in the same sledges as tipsy zigani who were bawling out songs.

When they got outside the town the horses stopped and the exchange of farewells commenced.

Iliine, who had drunk a fair share of wine, and who had been driving, suddenly became very melancholy, and began beseeching the count to remain another day. When Tourbine explained to him that this was quite impossible, he threw his arms around his new friend's neck, kissed him, and declared that he should ask to be allowed to change his regiment so that he might join the count in the hussars. As for Tourbine, he seemed brimming over with gayety. He amused himself by rolling Zavalchevsky, who, since the early morning, had at last ventured to address him with friendly familiarity, in the snow. Then he set his dog at the ispravnik's calves, clasped his arms round Stiochka, and wanted to take her off with him to Moscow. At last, however, he got into his sledge again, and installed Blücher at his side. Sachka asked the ex-sub-lieutenant to

try and get possession of his master's cloak, and to send it on to him at Moscow, and then he climbed on to his seat.

The count shouted, "Drive along!" took off his cap, waved it over his head, whistled the horses onward like a genuine driver, and then the sledges parted from each other.

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PART II.

I.

TWENTY years have passed away, during which a deal of water has rolled down into the sea, many people have died, many others have been born, many have grown up, and many have become old; still a larger number of thoughts have been born and have perished; many old-fashioned things, both noble ones and hateful ones, have vanished—many new and lovely ones have taken their places, and still more are tottering and even ready to fall away.

Count Feodor Tourbine died long ago—killed in a duel with a foreigner, whom he had struck in the street with his whip. His son, who is as like his father as one drop of water is like another, is already a fine, handsome young man of three-and-twenty. Morally, however, young Count Tourbine is quite unlike his father. He is quite free from all taint of the impetuous, passionate, and, one may truthfully say, the debauched tendencies of the last century. A keen intelligence and a large fund of information, a partiality for comfort and all that makes life pleasant, a prac-

tical appreciation of men and circumstances, together with sound sense and foresight, are his distinctive characteristics. A gay disposition is the principal thing that he has inherited from his father.

Beginning life as an officer in the Guards, he had attended assiduously to his military duties; and at twenty-three years of age he was already a lieutenant. When war broke out, he felt that he would be more likely to win promotion by serving in the active portion of the army, and accordingly he joined a regiment of hussars, obtaining a rank immediately above the one that he had previously held, and, indeed, he had not much longer to wait before he was promoted to the command of a squadron.

In the month of May, in the year 1848, the regiment of hussars of S—— passed through the government district of K——, and the squadron commanded by young Tourbine was billeted for the night in Morozovka, a village belonging to our acquaintance, Anna Feodorovna.

Mrs. Zaïtsova was still alive, but she had now left her youth so far behind her that she no longer looked upon herself as young, which, for a woman, is saying a great deal. She had grown very stout, though some people may not consider that to be an indication of mature age; for, it is often said that stoutness keeps a woman young-looking. On that plump, fair face of hers, however, several deeply furrowed wrinkles had now made their mark. She no longer frequented the town, for it had become difficult for her to mount into her carriage, but she still retained all her old frank kindliness of disposition. She was, indeed, still as simple-minded as ever, though she no longer had

her former beauty to palliate her lack of intelligence. With her there lived her daughter, Lisanka, a young rustic-looking girl of three-and-twenty, and her brother, our old acquaintance, the ex-sub-lieutenant, who, having spent all his little fortune upon other people, had in his declining years taken refuge with his sister. His hair was now quite gray, and his lower lip was sunken, but his mustache was still carefully dyed black. Wrinkles covered not only his brow and cheeks, but also his nose and neck, and his back was quite bent. His weakly legs still retained their old bow and seemed to proclaim that he had once served in the cavalry.

Anna Feodorovna's family had assembled in a small room in their old house, the door and balconied windows of which looked on to an old-fashioned garden planted with lime-trees.

The mistress of the house, wearing a lilac-colored morning-dress, was reclining on a couch in front of a mahogany table, amusing herself by performing tricks with a pack of cards. Her brother, in white trousers and a blue coat, was sitting near the window, plaiting white cotton, an occupation of which he was very fond, and which his niece had taught him. It was the only thing he could do to occupy himself, for his eyes were now too weak to let him read the newspapers, which had once been his favorite way of passing the time.

Meanwhile Pimotchka, Anna Feodorovna's adopted daughter, was repeating her lesson to Lisanka, who, while she listened, went on knitting with her wooden needles a pair of stockings for her uncle. Through the avenue of

lime-trees the last rays of the setting sun were shooting a beam of broken light upon the end window of the room and the little table near which our friend Zavalchevsky was seated. The garden and the room were wrapped in such peaceful calmness that a swallow could be distinctly heard as it skimmed rapidly past the window; and Anna Feodorovna's slight sighs and the little coughs of the old gentleman, who was sitting with one foot lying on the other, and kept constantly changing his position, sounded quite loudly.

"How do you do this trick with the cards, Lisanka?" asked Anna Feodorovna, leaving the cards alone for a moment. "I never can remember the right way."

Lisanka, without putting down her knitting, came up to her mother, and looked at the cards.

"Ah, you have got them all wrong, my dear little mother!" she exclaimed, as she set them right. "Now they are properly arranged. There! they come just as you want them," she added, surreptitiously withdrawing one of the cards.

"Ah, you always deceive me, and pretend that I have done is quite correctly."

"No, indeed; it is really all right."

"Really? Ah, I'm afraid you're a little hypocrite! Isn't it time for tea now?"

"Yes; I've told them to heat the samovar. I'll go and see about it now. Shall we have it brought here or in the other room? Get your lessons finished quickly, Pimotchka, and then we'll go and have a little run."

The girl now turned to leave the room.

"Lisotchka! Lisanka!" cried her uncle, looking anxiously at his work, "I think I've made a slip. Come and put it right again for me, dear."

"Directly, uncle. I'm just going to break the sugar."

Three minutes afterward she came back, went up to her uncle, and gripped him by the ear.

"There! that will teach you to make mistakes!" she exclaimed, with a laugh.

"Oh, let me go! let me go! and please put it right again!" said the old man. "Look, there are some knots there."

Lisanka took up the work, drew a pin from the handkerchief which she wore over her bosom, and which the breeze blew open for a moment, rectified the mistake, made a fresh start in the plaiting, and then gave it back to her uncle. "Kiss me for what I have done," she said, stretching out her rosy cheek toward him, and pinning up her handkerchief again. "You'll have a little rum in your tea, won't you? It's Friday to-day."

Then she left the room again.

"Oh, uncle, dear, come and look! Here are some hussars coming!" she called out from the next room.

Anna Feodorovna and her brother at once went into the room where the tea had been served. The windows here looked on to the road. There was not much to be seen; but a troop of hussars could just be distinguished as they came along in the midst of a cloud of dust.

"What a pity it is, my dear little sister," said the old gentleman, "that our house is so small and that the wing is not finished, otherwise we might have invited the officers

to stay with us. Hussar officers are such gay, pleasant young fellows. I should like to have seen a little of them."

"I should have been very glad, too; but you know very well, brother, that we have no accommodation for them. There's the big bedroom, and Lisanka's, the drawing-room, and this room, which is yours, and that's all. Where could we put them?"

"Try to think of some place."

"Well, Mikhaïl Matviéff has had the staroste's isba cleaned for them, and he says that it will do very nicely."

"Ah, we might have found a husband for you, Lisanka, a brave hussar!" continued the uncle.

"Oh! but I don't want a hussar; I want a lancer. You were in the lancers, weren't you, uncle? I don't even want to know any hussars. They stick at nothing, people say." The girl blushed slightly as she said this, and then broke into a ringing laugh. "Ah, here's Oustiouchka running along!" she suddenly exclaimed; "let us ask her what she has seen."

Anna Feodorovna gave orders for Oustiouchka to be summoned, remarking: "She never can keep to her work; she must always be off looking at the soldiers. Well, where have they billeted the officers?" she added, addressing the servant.

"With the Eremkines, madame. There are two of them; and oh! they are such handsome gentlemen. It is said that one of them is a count."

"What is his name?"

"It's Kazaroff, or Tourbineff, I think; but I really can't quite remember."

"What a goose the girl is! She can't tell me the least thing! You might at least have recollected the name."

"Shall I go and inquire?"

"Oh, yes, I dare say! I know you too well. No; Danilo shall go. Tell him, brother, to go and ask if there is anything we can do for the officers. We ought to show them some attention. He must say that I have sent him."

The old gentleman and his sister now returned to their tea. Lisanka went into the kitchen to place the sugar she had broken up in the sugar-basin, while Oustiouchka began to talk to her about the hussars. "The count is so handsome," she exclaimed. "He is just like an angel with black eyelashes. He would make you a splendid lover; and you would be a lovely couple!"

The other servants smiled approvingly. The old nurse, who was knitting near the window, sighed and uttered a prayer that it might really be so.

"The hussars have quite bewitched you!" rejoined Lisanka. "You're very much given to romancing, I know. Just get me some syrup, please, Oustiouchka; we must send some to the soldiers." And then Lisanka took the sugar-basin, and ran off with a laugh.

"I should very much like to know what sort of a person this hussar is! Is he dark or fair? I dare say he would be very glad to know us. But he will go away, and he will never even know that I have given him a thought. What a number of them have already gone through the town without ever seeing me! What does it matter how I do

my hair or what sort of cuffs I wear? No one ever takes any notice of me!" Thus the young girl reflected, with a little sigh, as she touched her plump white arm caressingly. "I dare say he's tall, and has big eyes," she resumed, "and very likely a little black mustache. Ah, I'm already turned twenty-two, and no one is in love with me excepting that pock-marked Ipatich! And four years ago I was prettier than I am now. My youth is passing away without any happiness! Ah! what a poor unfortunate village girl I am!"

Her mother's voice, calling to her to come and pour out the tea, disturbed her reverie. She shook her little head, and hastened to Anna Feodorovna.

It is a noteworthy fact that in this life the best things often happen quite by chance. The more one tries to bring them about the less one succeeds. In the country districts, where parents seldom take much trouble about giving their children a good education, the children are often extremely well informed. Now, this was especially the case with Lisanka. Anna Feodorovna, with her limited intelligence and careless disposition, had not given her daughter any education at all. She had not had her instructed in either music or French—that language which is so useful.

It happened that, despite maternal neglect, the girl was endowed with robust health. A nurse and one of the female servants had taken charge of her as a child, reared her, dressed her in little print frocks and sheepskin shoes, and then sent her to ramble about and gather mushrooms and raspberries in the woods. An ecclesiastic had subse-

quently taught her reading and arithmetic, and, at sixteen years of age, she had become a cheerful companion for her mother, and an active housekeeper.

Anna Feodorovna's kindly disposition was constantly causing her to adopt little girls, the daughters of serfs, or lost children; and Lisanka, ever since she was ten years old, had looked after them, taught them to read, taken them to church, and checked their taste for mischief. Then there was her uncle, who required quite as much watching and attention as a child, and whom she had also taken under her care. The servants and moujiks, too, always applied to her for any remedies for their complaints, and she supplied them with decoctions of elder, with mint, and spirits of camphor. By and by the management of the house dropped into her hands, and, on the other hand, the young girl found in religion and the beauty of nature further objects on which she could lavish the fund of love within her. So she grew up quite spontaneously into an active, good, bright, independent, pure, and profoundly religious woman. It is true that she sometimes experienced little twinges of disappointed vanity when she saw her neighbors in church wearing fashionable bonnets, which they had ordered from K——; that she occasionally shed tears of vexation on account of her mother, who, since she had grown old, had become querulous and capricious; and that every now and then she fell a victim to the most unrealizable and visionary dreams of love. These, however, had all been dissipated by the healthful activity which she was bound to display, and when she reached her twenty-second birthday she seemed quite without blemish.

There was no self-reproach to trouble the serene and tranquil soul of this young girl, who was so beautiful both in mind and body.

Lisanka was of medium height, and inclined to plumpness. Her eyes were gray and rather small, and her hair hung down in a long heavy plait. Although her gait was firm, there was an air of easy carelessness about it. The expression of her face, when she was thinking of anything which did not cause her any distress of mind, seemed to say to those who saw her: "Life is a good thing for such as have loving hearts and clear consciences." Even in her moments of vexation, trouble, or sadness, when her eyes were dimmed with tears, or when her eyebrows were knitted in a frown, or her lips were tightly set, still in the dimples of her cheeks, about the corners of her lips and in her eyes, so accustomed to take a smiling view of life, one could detect indications of a heart that was good and true to the core, and of a mind quite free from all taint of falsehood.

II.

ALTHOUGH the sun had already reached the horizon, it was still warm when the squadron entered Morozovka. In front of it, in the middle of the dusty village road, there trotted, lowing distressfully, an unhappy cow, which had got separated from the herd it belonged to, and which could not realize that its best plan would be simply to stand aside and let the apparently pursuing squadron pass it by.

The old peasants, the babas, and children, formed a double line along the road and gazed eagerly at the hussars. In the midst of a thick cloud of dust, the soldiers stopped their horses, which then began to paw the ground and to snort for a moment or two. On the right of the squadron there were two officers sitting at ease on two magnificent chargers. One of them was the commander, Count Tourbine; the other was a very young man who had recently been promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant. His name was Polozoff.

A hussar, in a jacket white with dust, now came out of the largest isba, and, taking off his cap, he approached the officers.

"Where have quarters been provided for us?" asked the count.

"Here, at the staroste's, your excellency," replied the quarter-master. "He has just had his isba cleaned. I tried to get you quarters at the pomestchitsa's, but they told me they had no accommodation. She is so mean—"

"All right," interrupted the count, getting off his horse, and stretching his stiff legs. "Has my carriage arrived?"

"Yes, it has condescended to arrive, your excellency," replied the quarter-master, pointing with his cap to the carriage, the leather body of which could be seen standing in the open coach-house.

Then he darted into the lobby of the isba, where the peasant's family were crowding to look at the officer. In his haste to open the door to show his superior that the dwelling had been made fit to receive him, the quarter-

master jostled against an old woman. Then he stood aside to let the officer pass.

The house was of a fair size, but not very clean. A German man-servant, dressed like a lord, was in the large room, fitting up an iron bedstead. When he had arranged the sheets and blankets, he set about unpacking the count's luggage.

"What a disgusting place!" exclaimed the count, with vexation. "I say, Diadenko, can't you find me a better room than this somewhere? Can't the pomestchik take me in?"

"If your excellency commands it, I will go to the Manor House," replied Diadenko, "but the Manor House isn't a very nice-looking place."

"It's no use troubling about it, then. You can go."

The count then threw himself on to the bed, and lay down with his hands clasped behind his head. "Johann!" he shouted to his valet, "you've gone and made a great lump again in the very middle of the bed! Will you never learn how to make a bed properly?"

Johann hurried up to put the bed straight.

"Oh, it's no use altering it now! Get me my dressing-gown," said the count, in a querulous voice.

The servant gave him his dressing-gown, and before putting it on, the count examined one of the skirts.

"There, now! you haven't taken out that stain! Was ever man worse served than I am by you?" cried the hussar, snatching the garment from the valet's hands and putting it on. "I fancy you make a point of not doing what you are told. Is the tea ready?"

"I haven't had time to make it yet," replied Johann.

"Idiot!"

The count then took up a French novel and began to read, and he continued amusing himself in this way for some time. Johann left the room and went into the lobby to prepare the samovar. His master was evidently in a bad temper, brought on, probably, by fatigue, by the dust with which his face was covered, the tightness of his uniform, and the empty condition of his stomach.

"Johann!" he suddenly called out again. "Come and account for those ten roubles which I gave you. What have you bought in the town?"

Tourbine ran over the list, and gave utterance to various remarks of dissatisfaction by the dearness of provisions.

"Bring me some rum for the tea!" said he.

"I have not bought any rum for the tea," replied Johann.

"Oh, you haven't, haven't you? How many times have I told you never to be without rum?"

"I hadn't sufficient money."

"Then why didn't Polozoff buy some? You could have borrowed some money from his man."

"I don't know whether the sub-lieutenant, Polozoff—However, they bought some tea and sugar."

"Be off with you, idiot! You are the only person who ever makes me lose my temper. You know very well that when I am on the march I always take rum in my tea!"

"Here are two letters, your excellency. They have just been brought," said the valet.

The count, who was still lying on the bed, opened the

letters and read them. Just at that moment the young sub-lieutenant came into the room. His face bore a delighted expression. He had got his detachment billeted.

"Well, Tourbine," said he, "you seem comfortable here, I think. It's very warm, and I'm really feeling tired."

"Comfortable! I should think so, indeed! A miserable, stinking isba! and, thanks to you, there is no rum! That fool of a man of yours hasn't bought any, and mine hasn't got any either. You ought to have told him to get some."

Then, as Polozoff went out of the room, he again began reading his letters. When he had perused the first one he crumpled it up and threw it on the floor.

"Why didn't you get some rum?" said the sub-lieutenant to his servant, in a deep voice. "You had plenty of money."

"Why should it be always your turn to pay for it?" was the reply. "I spend quite enough without that, and that German fellow does nothing but smoke his pipe."

Tourbine's second letter seemed more agreeable, for he smiled as he read it.

"Who's it from?" asked Polozoff, as he came back into the room and began to arrange his crib near the stove.

"From Mina," replied the count, gayly, handing the letter to the young man. "Would you like to read it? What a charming woman she is, a very charming woman! She is worth any number of our own girls. What a deal of wit and intelligence she shows in that letter. The only thing that isn't altogether delightful is her asking me for some money."

"Yes, that's rather a bore," assented the sub-lieutenant.

"I certainly promised her some, but this campaigning, you know— However, if I keep the command of the squadron for another three months I will send her some. What a charming woman she is, isn't she?" added the count, smiling and watching the expression of Polozoff's face as the latter read the letter.

"It's shockingly badly written, but very charming all the same. I really think she loves you."

"I should think she does. When women of that kind love, no one loves like them."

"And where's the other letter from?" asked Polozoff, handing the one which he had been reading back to the count.

"Oh, it's nothing. It's from a wretched fellow to whom I owe some money, a gambling debt. This is the third time he has reminded me of it, and I can't pay him yet. Confound him!" said the count, who was obviously annoyed by the thought of the matter.

After this conversation there came a long interval of silence. Polozoff, who was manifestly under the count's influence, drank his tea without saying anything, but casting glances every now and then at the gloomy face of Tourbine, who had taken a seat near the window.

"What do you think?" suddenly exclaimed the count, nodding his head in a pleased manner. "It seems to me quite possible. Supposing there happens to be a vacancy this year, and we are lucky enough to come in for an engagement or two, why shouldn't I outstrip my old superiors in the Guards?"

The conversation turned on this subject as the two officers drank their second cup of tea; and then Anna Feodorovna's servant, old Danilo, came into the room to discharge the commission with which he had been intrusted by his mistress. Having done this, and having learned the count's name, Danilo suddenly remembered the visit of the last Count Tourbine to K——, and acting on his own inspiration, exclaimed: "My mistress has ordered me to ask your excellency if you are not the son of the late Count Feodor Ivanovitch Tourbine. My mistress, Anna Feodorovna, used to know him very well."

"Yes, he was my father. Tell your mistress that I am extremely grateful to her, but there is nothing that I require. Stay, though, I should feel very much obliged if she could tell me where I could get a better room than this —either in her own house or elsewhere."

"Why did you say that?" asked Polozoff, as soon as Danilo had gone. "Won't this do very well for a single night? Just think of the trouble you are going to give them!"

"Haven't we had quite enough of these foul, smoky isbas? This one is just like all the others! You are far too unpractical. Why shouldn't we take advantage of the chance of obtaining civilized lodgings, even if it be only for a single night? So far from thinking it a trouble, I'm sure they will be delighted. There is only one thing which rather bothers me," added the count, with a smile, "and that is, that this lady knew my father. I always feel a little bit nervous when people get talking about my late papa. Some scandalous story or unpaid debt generally

crops up; so, as a rule, I generally try to avoid my father's old acquaintances. However, I suppose he only followed the customs of his time," concluded the count, resuming his serious expression.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," now said Polozoff, "that I recently met Iliine, the brigadier of the lancers. He said he should like very much to see you. He seems to have perfectly worshiped your father."

"That Iliine always seems to me to be an old muff. All these people who knew my father tell me things about him which make me feel quite ashamed, and yet all the time they seem to think that they are pleasing me. My temperament is very different to what his was. I take life coolly, and I haven't the wild enthusiasm that he had. He was a hot-tempered fellow, and used sometimes to allow himself to do the wildest things. But then, as I said before, he was a man of his time! In our own days I dare say he would have distinguished himself very highly, for, to do him justice, he had great abilities."

A quarter of an hour afterward, old Danilo, the man-servant, came back, and informed the count that the pomestchitsa begged of him to be kind enough to spend the night at her house.

III.

When Anna Feodorovna learned that the young officer of hussars was really Count Tourbine's son, she could not restrain her impatience to see him.

"Run back as quickly as you can, Danilo, and say that I insist upon him coming here!" she exclaimed, in a state

of the most intense excitement, and then she hurried off to the maid-servants.

"Lisanka! Oustiouchka! We must have your room got ready. Lisa, you must sleep in your uncle's; and you, brother, must sleep in the drawing-room; you will, won't you, just for this one night?"

"Of course I will, my dear little sister. I will sleep anywhere."

"He must be a handsome young man if he takes after his father. I must see the dear lad! You shall see him, too, Lisanka! His father was such a fine-looking man! But where are you taking that table to?" now cried Anna Feodorovna, hastily darting forward. "Leave it where it is! Bring a couple of beds here. You must borrow one from the steward. And put the crystal candlesticks which my brother gave me on my birthday on the little table."

All the necessary arrangements were quickly made. Lisanka carried out her own ideas in preparing the room which was destined for the accommodation of the two officers, notwithstanding her mother's attempts to alter them. She laid clean sheets, scented with mignonette, on the beds, gave orders for a decanter of water and some candles to be placed on the little tables, had some perfumed paper burned in the servants' room, and transferred her own little bed into her uncle's chamber.

Anna Feodorovna now became somewhat calmer and was able to sit still in her chair again. She even took up her cards, but while she was laying them out on the table, she suddenly leaned her head on her dimpled elbow, and then seemed lost in thought.

"How time flies! How time flies!" she sighed to herself, in a low voice. "Can it really be so long ago? I can see him again so plainly. What a scapegrace he was!"

The tears welled to her eyes.

"And here's Lisanka quite a woman!" she resumed. "Still, she's not quite what I was at her age. She is pretty, certainly, but there's not that— Lisanka, you must wear mousseline de laine this evening."

"Are you going to ask them to join us, mother? I think you'd better not," said Lisanka, a prey to an agitation which she could not suppress, for the thought of seeing the officers troubled her exceedingly. "You'd better not ask them, mother."

To tell the truth, amid Anna Feodorovna's desire to see the officers, there struggled a fear of what she foresaw might happen to her daughter.

"I dare say they will want to make our acquaintance," she replied, however, as she caressed Lisanka's hair. "No," she reflected as she spoke; "no, this is not the sort of hair that I had when I was a girl. No, Lisotchka, I'm afraid it will never be, though I could wish you to have him."

She was really anxious to secure a happy future for the girl, but she felt that she could scarcely hope to see her married to the count. Still she had a vague though strong longing that it might be so, both for her daughter's sake and because she would have liked to see the happy moments which she had spent with the late count fall to the share of his son and her daughter.

The old gentleman, too, was a little agitated by the arrival of young Tourbine. He retired into his room and locked the door. A quarter of an hour afterward he reappeared, wearing a hussar jacket and a pair of blue trousers. His face wore an expression of embarrassed delight, like that of some young girl who has put on her ball-dress for the first time. He was about to repair to the room which had been prepared for the guests.

"We'll go and see what these hussars of to-day are like, little sister," he said. "The late count was a real hussar. We'll go and have a look at them."

The officers had already arrived, and had taken possession of their room.

"Well!" exclaimed the count, as, still dressed, and without even taking off his dusty boots, he threw himself upon the bed which had been prepared for him, "well, this is better than the isba with its crowd of insects, isn't it?"

"Yes, we've certainly got into pleasant quarters now," rejoined Polozoff, "and I'm sure we ought to be very grateful to the people of the house."

"What nonsense! You mustn't make such a fuss about it! I'm sure they are charmed to have us here. Here, I say," the count now said to his servant, "just go and ask for something to put across that window, or else we shall have a nasty draught from it during the night."

At this moment the old gentleman entered the room in view of making the acquaintance of the officers. He flushed slightly, and then took advantage of the opportunity to mention that he had been a comrade of the late count, between whom and himself, he said, a strong sym-

pathy had existed. He added, too, that Tourbine had rendered him services upon several occasions; but he did not explain whether he meant by this that the late count had borrowed a hundred roubles from him, which he had never repaid, or that he had rolled him in the snow, or that he had grossly insulted him.

The young count was extremely polite to the old gentleman, and thanked him for the hospitality which had been shown to him.

"I hope you will excuse us," rejoined Zavalchevsky, "if everything is not quite as comfortable as it should be, count—"

He was just on the point of addressing Tourbine as "your excellency," having got out of the way of speaking to strangers of position.

"My sister's house is only a small one," he continued. "We will get you a curtain for that window at once; that will make everything quite right."

Under the pretense of going to order the curtain, he then left the room, but his real reason for retiring was that he wished to communicate his impressions of the young officer to his sister and his niece.

Presently the pretty maid, Oustiouchka, appeared with a shawl which her mistress had given her. She fastened it across the window, and then asked if the gentleman would like some tea. The comfort of his surroundings had had a favorable effect upon the count's temper. He smiled gayly at Oustiouchka, and teased and chaffed her so much that she told him to "behave himself." Then he asked her if her young mistress was pretty, and remarked that

he would be very glad to have some tea, and that, as his supper was not yet ready, he should feel much obliged if she would let him have some vodka and something to eat, together with a little sherry, if there was any in the house.

The old uncle was quite delighted with Tourbine's affability. He sung the praises of the young generation, asserting that the present race of men were much better fellows than their predecessors. Anna Feodorovna, however, would not agree to this. She thought that no one could ever surpass Count Feodor Ivanovitch; and she ended by getting quite vexed.

"In your opinion, brother," she said, dryly, "the last person you have spoken to is always the best. Perhaps people are more intelligent now than they used to be, but no one ever danced the schottische better than Feodor Ivanovitch did; no one was ever so agreeable. Every one used to rave about him, but he cared for no one but me. There were polished, amiable men in our time as well as there are to-day."

Just at this moment the count's request for some vodka and food and sherry was brought to the mistress of the house.

"You never look properly after what is necessary!" exclaimed Anna Feodorovna to her daughter. "There ought to have been some supper ready! Lisanka, my dear, go and see about it at once."

Lisanka ran off to the kitchen to get some little pickled mushrooms and some fresh butter, and she told the cook to prepare some cutlets.

"About the sherry?" now asked Anna Feodorovna; "have you any left, brother?"

"No, indeed; I never had any."

"Never had any? What do you take in your tea, then?"

"Rum, Anna Feodorovna."

"Won't that do as well? Give them some of your rum; I'm sure it will do just as well. Perhaps we had better ask them to join us here, brother. I don't think they would be offended. We had better ask them."

The old gentleman replied he felt sure that the count would come, and declared that he would go at once and bring him. Anna Feodorovna then retired to put on her heavy silk dress and a new cap. Lisanka was so busy that she had not time to change her pink, big-sleeved cotton frock. She was in a state of great agitation. She felt that something quite unexpected was going to happen to her, and as if some low, black cloud were hanging over her soul.

This noble and handsome hussar appeared to her as something quite new, incomprehensible, and attractive. His character, his habits, his speech, everything about him, in fact, were bound to be quite different to anything she had previously known. All that he thought and said would be sensible and right; everything that he did would be scrupulously correct, while his appearance and his manners were certain to be winning. Lisanka felt no doubt at all about any of those points.

If, instead of merely asking for some food and sherry, the count had required a perfumed bath, the young girl

would not have felt any astonishment or have found any fault with him, so positive she was that whatever he did must be right.

The count at once accepted the invitation which Anna Feodorovna sent to him through her brother. He brushed his hair, and then took up his cloak and cigar-case. "You are coming, too, aren't you?" he said, turning to Polozoff.

"I think we had better not go," replied the ex-sub-lieutenant. "They would put themselves out to receive us," he continued, speaking in French.

"Nonsense! On the contrary, they will be delighted to see us. Besides, I have been making inquiries, and I hear that the young lady is very pretty. Come along!" added the count, who also spoke in French.

"Pray, come, gentlemen," now said Zavalchevsky, also in French, so as to let the officers know that he knew that language, and had perfectly understood what they had been saying.

IV.

LISANKA'S face was flushed and her eyes were cast down when the officers entered the room. She seemed completely absorbed in filling the tea-pot, and as though she were afraid to look at the hussars. Anna Feodorovna, on the contrary, rose quickly from her seat, bowed, and then, without ever taking her eyes off the count's face, began to tell him of his extraordinary likeness to his father. Then she introduced her daughter to him, and gave him some tea and preserves and home-made marmalade.

No one paid any attention to Polozoff, the sub-lieutenant. He shyly congratulated himself about this, as it left him at liberty to gaze at his ease at Lisanka, for whose beauty he had been quite unprepared.

The old uncle, as he sat listening to the conversation between his sister and the count, sought for opportunities to interpolate some of his ancient reminiscences. Tourbine smoked his cigar, as he drank his tea, and it was as much as Lisanka could do to keep from coughing. The young man made himself very agreeable, however, and talked with a deal of animation. He very frequently interrupted Anna Feodorovna, and soon monopolized the conversation. There was one thing that seemed a little strange to his hosts. He occasionally let slip some words which were a trifle broad and free for the scrupulous circle in which he found himself. They quite alarmed Anna Feodorovna, and made Lisanka blush to the roots of her hair.

The count, however, did not appear to notice the effect of his words. He calmly went on talking in his placidly bright fashion. Lizanka silently poured out the tea, and instead of giving the cups into the hands of the guests, she set them down close to them. She had not yet recovered from her agitation, and she was listening eagerly to the count's talk.

His stories and the little pauses that occurred in the conversation, gradually restored the young girl's coolness. She did not hear the sensible remarks which she had expected from the count, and she did not find that gracefulness about him which she had hoped for. As she handed him his third cup of tea, she ventured with emboldened

eyes to glance at him; he kept his gaze fixed upon her, and looked at her smilingly as he talked. Then she even felt a touch of hostility against him, and was almost inclined to think that he not only failed to possess any extraordinary merit, but that he was not even in any way superior to those whom she had hitherto known, and that there was really nothing in him to be afraid of. She could see nothing but his tapering fingers and carefully trimmed nails that was in any way exceptional.

Lisanka then grew quite at her ease, not, however, without feeling some regret for her unrealized dream. However, she suddenly became aware that the sub-lieutenant was gazing at her, and that disturbed her a little. "Perhaps it is he, and not the other one," she thought.

V.

After tea, Anna Feodorovna conducted her guests into another room, and sat down in her customary place. "Perhaps you would like to go and rest, count?" she said. Tourbine replied that he had no desire to do so.

"What shall I do, then, to amuse you, my dear friends?" continued Anna Feodorovna. "Do you play cards, count? You'll be glad to take a hand, won't you, brother?"

"But you will play yourself, won't you, sister?" replied the old gentleman. "Let us all play together. What do you say, count, and you, sir?"

The officers expressed their willingness to do whatever

their hosts liked. Lisanka then went off to her room to find a pack of cards which she used for purposes of divination whenever she wished to know whether her mother's cold would soon pass away, or whether her uncle would be late in returning from the town, or whether some neighboring friend would return her call. She had had these cards for a couple of months, but they were cleaner than the pack which Anna Feodorovna habitually used.

"However, perhaps you don't care to play for small stakes, gentleman?" the old uncle now remarked. "Anna Feodorovna and I always play for half copecks, and she always wins."

"Oh, whatever you like!" replied the count.

"Well, we'll play for copecks, as we've got our friends here. I'm sure they'll beat an old woman like me," remarked Anna Feodorovna, sitting down in her arm-chair and arranging the folds of her mantilla.

"Perhaps I shall win," she thought, for, with increasing age, she had begun to feel something of a passion for play.

"Shall I show you how to play at 'Misery?' It is a very amusing game," said Tourbine.

This was a new game, then very fashionable at St. Petersburg, and the proposal pleased every one. The old uncle asserted that he knew the game very well, and that it was extremely like Boston, though he was afraid, he confessed, that he had forgotten some of the rules. Anna Feodorovna knew nothing at all about it, and it was only after some long explanations that she smiled and nodded her head approvingly, remarking that she now understood

everything quite well, and that it was all perfectly clear to her.

There was, consequently, a good deal of laughter when, after this assertion, Anna Feodorovna, with merely an ace and a king, called out "Misery!" Then she grew confused, and smiled, and at last acknowledged that she had not quite got into the game as yet. Her losses were jotted down, however, by the count, who carefully marked all the points. He himself played with great skill and calculation, and did not appear to understand the jogs which the sub-lieutenant gave him, or the motive of the gross errors of play perpetrated by the young officer.

Lisanka brought in some marmalade, three sorts of preserves, and stewed apples, and then stood behind her mother's chair, watching the play, and casting rapid glances at the officers, especially at the count, who, with his white fingers tipped with rosy nails, was handling and playing his cards in a manner which was full of confidence and grace, and told of long experience.

Anna Feodorovna soon lost her head again, and, outstaking the others, she lost three times in succession; and when her brother asked her to jot down the points, she seemed quite put out.

"Oh, that's nothing, mother; you'll win it all back again," said Lisanka, with a smile, trying to extricate her mother from her foolish position.

"You must come and help me, Lisanka," rejoined the old lady, casting a nervous look at her daughter. "I do nothing but lose."

"But I'm afraid I know no more about it than you do,"

replied Lisanka, making a mental calculation of what her mother had lost. "You will lose a great deal if you go on playing like that, and then you won't have even sufficient money left you to buy a new dress for Pimotchka," she continued, jokingly.

"Yes, indeed, one might lose as much as ten roubles in that way," said the sub-lieutenant, fixing his eyes upon Lisanka, and obviously desiring to engage her in conversation.

"But aren't we playing for bank roubles?" asked Anna Feodorovna, glancing round at everybody.

"I don't know, I'm sure, what we are playing for. I don't know how you reckon in bank roubles," rejoined the count. "How much is a bank rouble?"

"But no one counts in bank roubles now," remarked the uncle, who happened to be in luck.

Anna Feodorovna now ordered some champagne to be brought; then she herself drank off a couple of glasses of red wine, and seemed to abandon herself to fortune. A tress of her hair had escaped from under her cap, but she made no attempt to restore it to its proper place. She felt as though she had lost millions and was altogether ruined. The sub-lieutenant jogged his companion under the table more frequently than before, but the count paid no attention, continuing to note down the poor woman's losses with scrupulous exactitude. At last they rose up from the table, despite Anna Feodorovna's evident terror as to her total losses, and her efforts to prove that the points ought to be altered, as she had been under a mistake. She was declared to have lost nine hundred and twenty points.

"That makes nine bank roubles, doesn't it?" she repeated several times. She could not grasp the full extent of her losses, and her brother was obliged to explain to her that she had lost thirty-two and a half bank roubles, and that it was absolutely necessary that she should pay them.

The count did not even count his winnings, but, as soon as the play was over, he went up to the window near which Lisanka was setting out some cold meats and pickled mushrooms for supper, and then he calmly and immediately did that which the sub-lieutenant had been vainly trying to accomplish all the evening. He entered into conversation with the young girl, taking the weather as a preliminary subject.

In the meantime Polozoff found himself in a very unpleasant position. Anna Feodorovna plainly manifested her annoyance, now that the count had risen from the card-table. Lisanka was no longer near by to restrain her mother from giving vent to her vexation and bad temper.

"I'm very sorry, I'm sure, that we have been the cause of your losing so much," remarked Polozoff, for want of something better to say. "It makes me feel quite ashamed."

"I believe you invented the game yourselves! I never heard of it before!" exclaimed Anna Feodorovna. "How much have I lost in bank roubles?" she again demanded.

"Thirty-two roubles and a half," replied the old gentleman, whose winnings had put him in a good humor. "Pay the money, my little sister, pay the money."

"Yes, I will pay it, but you'll never get anything more

out of me in that way. I shall not be able to make it up all the rest of my life."

Anna Feodorovna then went off to her bedroom, coming back shortly afterward with merely nine bank roubles in her hand, and it was only upon the pressing insistence of her brother that she at last resigned herself to pay the full amount of her losses.

Polozoff felt somewhat afraid that Anna Feodorovna would say something unpleasant to him if he began to talk to her again, and so, without making any further remark, he retired to the open window where Lisanka and the count were conversing.

Two candles had been placed upon the supper-table, and their flames flickered every now and then in the warm breeze of the May night. Through the window one could see the garden bathed in a light which was very different from that which streamed from the room. The full moon had quite lost its yellowish tinge. It threw the tops of the tall lime-trees into relief, and its pale glow flooded the fleecy white clouds which for a moment occasionally veiled its orb. The frogs were croaking in the pond, of which the ruffled silvery surface could be seen gleaming through the trees. A few birds were flitting about among the branches of a lilac-tree which grew just beneath the window, gently shaking its moist perfumed blossoms.

"What a lovely evening!" the count had exclaimed, as he came up to Lisanka.

Then he seated himself on the widow-sill.

"You walk out a good deal, I suppose?" he continued.

"Yes," answered Lisanka, who no longer felt any con-

fusion in talking to the count. "I go out at seven o'clock every morning to get the things which are required for the house, with Pimotchka, who is my mother's adopted daughter."

"A country-life is very pleasant," remarked the young man, sticking his eyeglass into his eye, and looking alternately at the garden and at Lisanka. "Do you ever go out in the evenings, by moonlight?"

"Not now; but formerly my uncle and I used to take a walk every moonlighted night. He was then suffering from a strange complaint, insomnia. When the moon was shining he was quite unable to go to sleep. The window of his room is a low one and looks on to the garden, and the moon shines full upon it."

"Ah, then, this room isn't yours?" remarked the count.

"No, it is only mine for to-night. You have got my room."

"Really! I shall, indeed, never be able to forgive myself for the inconvenience which I have caused you," rejoined the count, letting his eyeglass drop as a proof of his sincerity. "If I had only known—"

"On the contrary, indeed, I am very glad of the change. My uncle's room is so cheerful, and the window is so low. I shall sit by it before going to bed, and I dare say I shall take a little turn in the garden."

"What a delicious little maid!" thought the count, replacing his glass in his eye, and contemplating the young girl. As he sat down again on the ledge of the window he just touched her foot with his own. "How cleverly she

has let me understand that I may see her again to-night, either in the garden or at this window," he thought.

Lisanka lost the greater part of her charm in the count's eyes as soon as it appeared to him that she was so easily to be won.

"How delightful," he next said, looking at the secluded and shady walks, "to spend an evening in this garden with one one loves!" Lisanka appeared slightly confused by this remark, and her confusion was increased by the count again touching her foot with his own. Before she had allowed herself time to think of what she was going to say, she began to speak in the hope of concealing her embarrassment.

"Yes, it is very delightful to stroll about in the moonlight," she said.

She was now beginning to feel a disagreeable impression. She placed the cover on the jar of pickled mushrooms, and was about to leave the window when the sub-lieutenant came up. Wishing to see how the latter would conduct himself toward her, she then remained where she was.

"What a lovely evening!" remarked the young officer.

"Is the weather the only thing they can talk about, I wonder?" thought Lisanka.

"What a beautiful view you have from here!" continued Polozoff. "Only always seeing the same thing must grow a little monotonous, I suppose," he added, feeling that in saying so he was shocking the others; but, somehow or other, he experienced a pleasure in setting himself in opposition to them.

"What makes you think that?" rejoined Lisanka. "An eternal month of May or a dress that never wore out might, perhaps, grow to weary one, but a beautiful garden —never! Especially when we can have such lovely moonlight walks here. From the window of my uncle's room we can see the pond quite plainly, and I mean to have a long look at it to-night."

"You have no nightingales, have you?" now asked the count, annoyed that Polozoff's arrival had prevented him from getting more definite particulars as to the time and place of meeting.

"Oh, yes! indeed, we have them constantly about in the garden. Last year the man-servant caught one, and only last week there was one singing beautifully, but unfortunately the watchman frightened it as he passed by with his rattle, and it has gone away. Three years ago, however, my uncle and I heard one singing for hours in one of the sheltered walks."

"What is this little prattler talking to you about?" now said the old gentleman, coming up to the young people. "Are you ready for something to eat?"

After supper, during which the count highly praised all the dishes, and showed a hearty appetite, thereby soothing his hostess's ill-temper to some little extent, the two officers took their leave and retired to their room. The count first pressed the old gentleman's hand, then Anna Feodorovna's, but without kissing it, to the good lady's great astonishment, and then, last of all, Lisanka's, gazing, as he did so, into the young girl's eyes, and smiled pleasantly. His glance filled her with embarrassment.

"He is very good-looking," she thought, "but he is too much wrapped up in himself."

VI.

"REALLY, aren't you ashamed of yourself?" said Polozoff, when the two officers were alone again in their room. "I played purposely so as to lose, and I kept nudging you so that you might do the same. You ought to be ashamed of yourself! The old lady is quite put out about it."

The count broke out into a loud laugh. "What a funny old woman she is, and how angry she got, didn't she?" said he.

Then he began to laugh so merrily again that his man, Johann, who was standing near him, turned aside so that he might be able to join in his master's hilarity without being observed.

"And so I'm the son of an old friend of the family," continued Tourbine, still laughing. "Ah! ah! ah!"

"It's all very well for you to laugh in that way, but it really wasn't right," said the sub-lieutenant. "I felt quite sorry for her."

"What nonsense! You are young and foolish. Did you expect me to lose? Why should I? I used to lose quite sufficiently in the days when I didn't know how to play. You must learn to take a practical view of life, and not remain a simpleton forever."

Polozoff said nothing further. He wished to remain alone with the image of Lisanka, who seemed to him a being of perfect purity and perfect beauty. He undressed

himself and lay down in the snowy, downy bed which had been prepared for him.

"What vain folly all this military glory is!" he thought, as he looked at the window, curtained by the shawl, through which the pale moonlight was struggling. "It would be a truly happy life to live in some peaceful spot like this with a pretty, unambitious, intelligent woman. That is the only true and lasting happiness."

However, he said nothing of his thoughts to his companion, and he never even mentioned the young girl's name, though he felt quite sure that the count's mind was as much occupied with her as his own was.

"Why don't you undress and get into bed?" he suddenly asked Tourbine, who was pacing about the room.

"I don't feel inclined for sleep yet awhile. Blow the candle out if you like. I can get into bed without a light."

Then the count began to pace about again.

"I don't feel inclined for sleep yet," Polozoff repeated mentally. He was more than ever under the count's influence, and yet he felt more than ever inclined to rebel against that influence. "I can guess," he continued, mentally addressing Tourbine, "I can guess very well what thoughts are passing through that pomaded head of yours just now. I could see that she took your fancy, but you are not capable of understanding that pure and simple-minded creature. What you want is a Mina, a Mina and a pair of colonel's epaulets. I'll ask him if he liked her, though."

The sub-lieutenant then turned toward the count, but suddenly he thought better of his intention to question

him. He realized that he would be incapable of discussing the subject if he found that the count really looked upon Lisanka in the light that he fancied he did; and that he would indeed be quite unable to speak of her at all, so completely did he feel himself subject to Tourbine's influence, though it grew more painful and irksome every day.

"Where are you going?" he asked, as he saw the count take up his cigar-case and walk toward the door.

"I'm just going down to the stables to see if everything is all right."

"That's a strange idea!" thought Polozoff. However, he put out the candle, and, trying to suppress his foolish jealousy of his companion, he turned his face to the wall.

In the meantime Anna Feodorovna having crossed herself, gave, according to her custom, an affectionate kiss to her brother, her daughter, and her adopted daughter, and then retired to her own room.

Not for a long time had the poor old lady experienced so many and such strong emotions in one day. She could not say her prayers with her accustomed serenity. She could not free her mind of the thought of the late count, and of the young dandy who had so shamelessly plundered her. She proceeded to undress herself, however, drank the half glass of cider which had been placed for her upon a side-table, and then got into bed. Her pet cat had glided softly into the room, and Anna Feodorovna began to fondle it and listen to it purring, for she could not go to sleep.

"It must be the cat which is keeping me awake!" she suddenly said to herself, driving away the animal, which

first fell lightly on to the floor, and then, gently shaking its bushy tail, sprung upon the stove.

Anna Feodorovna's maid, who was to sleep on the floor, now came into the room with her mattress, and extinguished the candle after previously lighting a night-light. Anna listened to the girl snoring, but sleep still refused to come to her and calm her overexcited imagination. As soon as she closed her eyes the image of the hussar rose up before her, and, when she opened them again, the glimmer of the night-light seemed to endow the different objects in the room with a fantastic likeness of the count. The warmth of her feather bed oppressed her, and the tick-tack of the time-piece on the table at her side irritated her, as did also the snoring of her maid. At last she awoke Oustiouchka, and ordered her to give over snoring. Then her thoughts again reverted to her daughter, the late count and his son, and the preference which the former had shown for her. Again she danced with him, and saw herself with the white, plump shoulders of former days, feeling the pressure of Tourbine's kisses upon her soft skin; then suddenly she beheld her daughter in the arms of the young count.

Oustiouchka now began to snore again.

"No, things are no longer what they used to be!" mused Anna Feodorovna. "There are no such people now as there were once! The other count was ready to throw himself into the fire for me, and I was well worthy of him! But this one, I dare say, is sleeping soundly like a booby, happy in the thought of his winnings to-night, instead of dreaming of love. His father cried to me on his

knees, 'What do you wish me to do? I will kill myself here on the spot, if you wish it!' And he *would* have killed himself if I had merely bid him do so.''

Suddenly a sound of muffled footsteps was heard in the corridor, and Lisanka, pale and trembling—covered only with a shawl—hurriedly entered her mother's room, and almost fell upon the bed.

After bidding her mother good-night, the young girl had gone into her uncle's room. She had there put on a white dressing-cape, and covered her thick hair with a voluminous handkerchief. Then she blew out the candle, opened the window, and kneeling upon a chair, sat dreamily looking at the pond, which was sparkling in the silvery rays of the moon. All her habitual occupations now appeared to her in a different light than usual. Her capricious old mother, her unreflecting love for whom had become part of her very soul; her dear and cherished old uncle; the servants, the moujiks who adored her, the cows and the calves; all the natural beauty which had died and come to life again so many times, and in the midst of which her love for others and the love of others for her had grown and increased; all the surroundings and associations which had filled her soul with such peaceful tranquillity, all these suddenly seemed to her something quite different from what they had been. They now seemed monotonous and unsatisfying. It was just as though some one had suddenly said to her: "You are a little goose! For twenty years you have lived satisfied with childish amusements, you have been useful to others, perhaps, but you have known nothing of life, nothing of real happiness!''

She gave herself up to thoughts like these as she sat gazing into the depths of the garden, which the fairy-like light of the moon was flooding with a brighter glow than ever. Whence came these thoughts? Certainly not, one would imagine, from sudden love for the count; for, on the contrary, he had displeased her, and she had been more favorably inclined toward the sub-lieutenant. But the latter was plain, poor, and taciturn; and, in spite of herself, Lisanka forgot all about him, whereas the count's face ever presented itself to her mind.

"But no, it isn't that," she thought.

The standard of her ideal was still further heightened by the beauty of the evening, the peaceful silence of which seemed to enhance the serene majesty of nature. She wished this ideal she was thinking of to be pure and unblemished, proof against all commonplace frivolities and taint of sin.

Hitherto her isolation and the absence of any one likely to think about her had caused her capacities for love, those capacities with which Providence has impartially endowed all of us, to remain dormant and unaroused. Now, however, she began to feel that she had lived too long that dreamy life of which one becomes sadly conscious when one awakes to the knowledge of possessing a heart capable of joyous and unbounded love.

"Can it really be," she wondered to herself, "that I have lost my youth and missed my happiness, and that I shall never know it now, never, never? Can it really be so?"

As she thus reflected she raised her eyes to heaven.

Fleecy white clouds were skimming over the clear sky on high, veiling the stars as they drifted onward toward the moon.

"If that little white cloud above the others passes over the moon, then I shall know that it is so," she said to herself.

A long narrow white band covered the lower half of the satellite's disk, and gradually the grass passed into deeper and deeper shade. The tops of the lime-trees were still illuminated, but the black shadows of the trees reflected in the pond were becoming more and more indistinct. As though in harmony with the mournful gloom that had fallen over the scene, a gentle breeze murmured sadly past, softly stirring the trees and wafting toward the window an odor of damp leaves, moist earth, and lilac blossom.

"No, it is not so," she said, trying to reassure herself. "If the nightingale sings to-night, then I shall be sure that my thoughts have been only so much nonsense, and that I am foolish to lose hope."

For a long time the young girl sat silently by the window. The sky was now flooded with the moonlight again, and the face of nature was once more bright and beautiful; though every now and then the drifting clouds kept eclipsing the moon and plunging the garden into gloom.

Lisanka soon began to feel drowsy as she sat by the open window. She was suddenly awakened, however, by the trills of the nightingale, which the gleaming surface of the lake seemed to reflect as with a long sustained echo. She opened her eyes. Thrilled with indescribable happiness, she felt as if her whole soul were regenerated by this mys-

terious communion with nature, which spread itself out before her in all its serene tranquillity. She leaned on her elbows, and a sensation of soft languid sadness pervaded her heart. Tears of a pure generous love which yearned for satisfaction, kind consoling tears filled her eyes. She laid her hands on the window-sill, and then let her head drop down upon them. Words of loving prayer rose spontaneously from her heart to her lips, and, as she prayed, her moistened eyes closed in sleep.

The touch of a hand upon her own, thrilling her with a soft pleasant sensation, awoke her. All at once this hand squeezed hers more tightly, and suddenly roused her to a full consciousness of what was passing. She uttered a scream, sprung up from her chair, and then, still trying to make herself believe that it was not really the count whom she had seen standing in front of her in the full moonlight, she darted out of the room.

VII.

It was really the count. However, the hoarse cough of the night watchman sounded behind the hedge, as though in answer to the young girl's cry, and Tourbine, feeling like a surprised thief, fled away and plunged into the obscurity of the garden.

"What a fool I am!" he suddenly exclaimed to himself. "I frightened her. I ought not to have been so sudden. I ought to have aroused her gently by soft words, clumsy idiot that I am!"

Then he stood still and listened. The watchman en-

tered the garden through a little gate, dragging his staff over the graveled walks. The count realized that he must conceal himself, and he went down toward the pond. The grasshoppers startled him by their jumping. Careless of wetting his legs, he crouched down, and all the incidents of the past few minutes crowded upon his mind. He thought of how he had got over the hedge and looked about for the window. Then he had seen a white figure. Several times he had retired upon hearing slight noises; and then, annoyed at having to wait so long, he had mentally reproached the young girl for this delay in keeping her appointment, an appointment which he had never expected her to make so readily. He had fancied that perhaps her rustic shyness made her feign sleep, and so he had resolved to approach her. Then he had suddenly fled away again, but a moment or two afterward, feeling ashamed of his cowardice, he had retraced his steps and had touched her hand.

The watchman's cough again sounded along the walks of the garden, and then the little gate creaked on its hinges as he went away. Lisanka's window was now closed and the blind drawn down. This caused the count intense vexation. He would have given a deal to be able to begin over again. He would not show such stupidity a second time, he thought to himself.

"What a charming girl she is!" he reflected. "Such freshness! She is very, very charming, and I have let her escape me! Fool that I am!"

He gave up all thoughts of returning to bed, and strode off straight ahead along the avenue of lime-trees, careless

of where he was going, but walking with an energetic stride that betrayed his annoyance. However, even to him this peaceful night imparted some portion of its soothing charm, and his irritation speedily gave way to a kind of tranquil sadness and a longing for a pure love.

The clayey path, dotted here and there with little tufts of grass, was illuminated wherever the moon's rays could pierce through the thick foliage. Several bent trunks, coated with green moss, caught the moonbeams full on the side; and a gentle rustle sighed through all the silvered leaves.

All lights and sounds had now died away in the house; only the nightingale could be heard filling the bright silence with its song.

"Heavens! what a lovely night! what a lovely night!" thought the count, as he inhaled the scented freshness of the garden. "I feel a sort of regretful feeling," he added, "as though I were discontented with others and with myself too; as though I were dissatisfied with the whole of my life. Oh, what a charming girl she is! Perhaps I have really vexed her."

The count's thoughts now grew somewhat confused, and he had visions of himself and the young provincial beauty standing in the garden in the strangest and most varied attitudes. Then his dear Mina's image took the place of Lisanka's.

"What an idiot I am! It would have been so easy for me to put my arm round her waist and kiss her!" he thought, and then, full of sorrowful regret, he returned to his room.

Polozoff was not yet asleep. On hearing the count enter, he at once turned toward him.

"Aren't you asleep yet, Tourbine?"

"No."

"Shall I tell you what has happened to me?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps I had better not say anything about it, though. Well, never mind, I'll tell you. Just get a little further to the other side."

The count, who had now quite recovered from the regret consequent upon his failure, sat down smilingly on his comrade's bed.

"You must know that the young lady of the house made an appointment with me."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Polozoff, suddenly starting up.

"Be quiet and listen."

"When? how? where? It is impossible!"

"This is how it happened. While you were making up the accounts after the card-playing, she told me that to-night she would be at the window, which is level with the garden. You see what it is to be practical. While you were chattering over your calculations with the old lady, I was acting. You, yourself, heard her say, as she sat on the window-sill, that she meant to enjoy the fresh air there to-night."

"But she said that quite casually, and without meaning anything by it."

"I'm not quite so sure of that. Perhaps, indeed, she didn't like to come without some sort of pressing. That I

can't quite tell, but something very unpleasant has happened," added the count. "I have acted like a fool," he exclaimed in conclusion, smiling in scorn of himself.

"Where have you been?"

The count then related his adventure, taking care, however, to say nothing about his hesitation in the garden and under Lisanka's window.

"I have made a mess of the business entirely through my own clumsiness. I ought to have shown more boldness. She screamed and then rushed away."

"Ah, she screamed and rushed away, did she?" said the sub-lieutenant, with a constrained smile, in answer to the smile of the count which exercised such a strange influence over him.

"Yes. And now it is time we went to sleep."

The sub-lieutenant again turned his back to the door, and remained silent for some ten minutes. Heaven only knows what thoughts were passing through his mind. However, when he again turned round, his face wore an expression of pain and decision.

"Count Tourbine," he said, in a choked voice.

"Are you dreaming?" rejoined the count, quietly. "What is the matter, Sub-Lieutenant Polozoff?"

"Count Tourbine, you are a dishonorable man!" retorted Polozoff, and so saying he sprung off his bed.

VIII.

On the following morning the squadron left the village. The officers went away without taking leave of their hosts, and they did not speak to each other. At the first halt

they determined to fight; and when Captain Schultz, a good fellow, an excellent horseman, and a favorite with the whole regiment, was chosen by the count to act as his second, he so managed to arrange matters that not only no duel took place and nobody knew anything of what had happened, but Tourbine and Polozoff, though there was no longer the old friendly feeling between them, still continued to address each other with amicable familiarity, and met each other as frequently as ever at table and at play.

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672 In Maremma. By "Ouida." 1st half..... 20
672 In Maremma. By "Ouida." 2d half..... 20
604 Innocent: A Tale of Modern Life. By Mrs. Oliphant. First Half 20
604 Innocent: A Tale of Modern Life. By Mrs. Oliphant. Second Half..... 20
577 In Peril and Privation. By James Payn..... 10
638 In Quarters with the 25th (The Black Horse) Dragoons. By J. S. Winter..... 10
759 In Shallow Waters. By Annie Armitt..... 20
39 In Silk Attire. By Wm. Black 20
738 In the Golden Days. By Edna Lyall 20
682 In the Middle Watch. By W. Clark Russell..... 20
452 In the West Countrie. By May Crommelin..... 20
383 Introduced to Society. By Hamilton Aïdé 10
122 Ione Stewart. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton..... 20
1031 Irene's Vow. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"..... 20
233 "I Say No;" or, The Love-Letter Answered. By Wilkie Collins..... 20
235 "It is Never Too Late to Mend." By Charles Reade... 20
28 Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott 20

534 Jack. By Alphonse Daudet... 20
752 Jackanapes, and Other Stories. By Juliana Horatio Ewing... 10
416 Jack Tier; or, The Florida Reef. By J. Fenimore Cooper 20

743 Jack's Courtship. By W. Clark Russell. 1st half..... 20
743 Jack's Courtship. By W. Clark Russell. 2d half..... 20
519 James Gordon's Wife. A Novel 20
15 Jane Eyre. Charlotte Brontë 20
728 Janet's Repentance. By George Eliot..... 10
142 Jenifer. By Annie Thomas... 20
941 Jess. By H. Rider Haggard.. 20
1046 Jessie. By the author of "Addie's Husband"..... 20
841 Jet: Her Face or Her Fortune? By Mrs. Annie Edwards..... 10
767 Joan. By Rhoda Broughton. 20
914 Joan Wentworth. By Katharine S. Macquoid..... 20
357 John. By Mrs. Oliphant..... 20
203 John Bull and His Island. By Max O'Rell..... 10
289 John Bull's Neighbor in Her True Light. By a "Brutal Saxon"..... 10
11 John Halifax, Gentleman. By Miss Mulock. First half..... 20
11 John Halifax, Gentleman. By Miss Mulock. Second half... 20
209 John Holdsworth, Chief Mate. By W. Clark Russell..... 10
694 John Maidment. By Julian Sturgis..... 20
570 John Marchmont's Legacy. By Miss M. E. Braddon..... 20
488 Joshua Haggard's Daughter. By Miss M. E. Braddon..... 20
619 Joy; or, The Light of Cold-Home Ford. By May Crommelin..... 20
265 Judith Shakespeare: Her Love Affairs and Other Adventures. By William Black.... 20
332 Judith Wynne. By author of "Lady Lovelace"..... 20
80 June. By Mrs. Forrester..... 20
561 Just As I Am; or, A Living Lie. By Miss M. E. Braddon..... 20

1055 Katharine Regina. By Walter Besant..... 20
832 Kidnapped. By Robert Louis Stevenson..... 20
857 Kildee; or, The Sphinx of the Red House. By Mary E. Bryan. First half..... 20
857 Kildee; or, The Sphinx of the Red House. By Mary E. Bryan. Second half..... 20
126 Kilmeny. By William Black. 20
808 King Arthur. Not a Love Story. By Miss Mulock..... 20
753 King Solomon's Mines. By H. Rider Haggard..... 20
970 King Solomon's Wives; or, The Phantom Mines. By Hyder Ragged. (Illustrated)..... 20
435 Klytia: A Story of Heidelberg Castle. By George Taylor... 20

1001 Lady Adelaide's Oath; or, The Castle's Heir. By Mrs. Henry Wood..... 20
35 Lady Audley's Secret. By Miss M. E. Braddon..... 20
733 Lady Branksmere. By "The Duchess"..... 20
516 Lady Castlemaine's Divorce; or, Put Asunder. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"..... 20
219 Lady Clare; or, The Master of the Forges. From the French of Georges Ohnet..... 10
469 Lady Damer's Secret; or, A Guiding Star. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"..... 20
931 Lady Diana's Pride. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"..... 20
268 Lady Gay's Pride; or, The Miser's Treasure. By Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller..... 20
1042 Lady Grace. By Mrs. Henry Wood..... 20
305 Lady Gwendoline's Dream. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"..... 10
506 Lady Lovelace. By the author of "Judith Wynne"..... 20
155 Lady Muriel's Secret. By Jean Middlemas..... 20
161 Lady of Lyons, The. Founded on the Play of that title by Lord Lytton..... 10
497 Lady's Mile, The. By Miss M. E. Braddon..... 20
875 Lady Valworth's Diamonds. By "The Duchess"..... 20
652 Lady With the Rubies, The. By E. Marlitt..... 20
269 Lancaster's Choice. By Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller..... 20
599 Lancelot Ward, M.P. George Temple..... 10
32 Land Leaguers, The. By Anthony Trollope..... 20
684 Last Days at Apswich..... 10
40 Last Days of Pompeii, The. By Bulwer Lytton..... 20
130 Last of the Barons, The, By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. 1st half.. 20
130 Last of the Barons, The. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. 2d half.. 20
60 Last of the Mohicans, The. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... 20
921 Late Miss Hollingford, The. By Rosa Mulholland..... 10
267 Laurel Vane; or, The Girls' Conspiracy. By Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller..... 20
455 Lazarus in London. By F. W. Robinson..... 20
839 Leah: A Woman of Fashion. By Mrs. Annie Edwards..... 20
386 Led Astray; or, "La Petite Comtesse." Octave Feuillet. 10

353 Legend of Montrose, A. By Sir Walter Scott..... 20
164 Leila; or, The Siege of Grenada. By Bulwer Lytton..... 10
885 Les Misérables. Victor Hugo. Part I..... 20
885 Les Misérables. Victor Hugo. Part II..... 20
885 Les Misérables. Victor Hugo. Part III..... 20
408 Lester's Secret. By Mary Cecil Hay..... 20
988 Letty Leigh. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"..... 20
562 Lewis Arundel; or, The Railroad of Life. By Frank E. Smedley..... 20
437 Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit. By Charles Dickens. First half..... 20
437 Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit. By Charles Dickens. Second half..... 20
774 Life and Travels of Mungo Park, The..... 10
698 Life's Atonement, A. By David Christie Murray..... 20
1027 Life's Secret, A. By Mrs. Henry Wood..... 20
1036 Like and Unlike. By Miss M. E. Braddon..... 20
617 Like Dian's Kiss. By "Rita" 20
307 Like no Other Love. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"..... 10
402 Lilliesleaf; or, Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside. By Mrs. Oliphant..... 20
397 Lionel Lincoln; or, The Leaguer of Boston. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... 20
94 Little Dorrit. By Charles Dickens. First half..... 20
94 Little Dorrit. By Charles Dickens. Second half..... 20
279 Little Goldie: A Story of Woman's Love. By Mrs. Sumner Hayden..... 20
109 Little Loo. W. Clark Russell 20
179 Little Make-Believe. By B. L. Farjeon..... 10
45 Little Pilgrim, A. By Mrs. Oliphant..... 10
272 Little Savage, The. By Captain Marryat..... 10
111 Little School-master Mark, The. By J. H. Shorthouse .. 10
899 Little Stepson, A. By Florence Marryat..... 10
878 Little Tu'penny. By S. Baring-Gould..... 10
804 Living or Dead. By Hugh Conway, author of "Called Back" 20
919 Locksley Hall Sixty Years After, etc. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson, P.L., D.C.L..... 10
797 Look Before You Leap. By Mrs. Alexander..... 20
92 Lord Lynne's Choice. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"..... 10
749 Lord Vanecourt's Daughter. By Mabel Collins..... 20
67 Lorna Doone. By R. D. Blackmore. First half..... 20
67 Lorna Doone. By R. D. Blackmore. Second half..... 20
473 Lost Son, A. By Mary Linskill 10
354 Lottery of Life, The. By John Brougham..... 20
453 Lottery Ticket, The. By F. Du Boisgobey..... 20
479 Louisa. By Katharine S. Macquoid..... 20
742 Love and Life. By Charlotte M. Yonge..... 20
273 Love and Mirage; or, The Waiting on an Island. By M. Betham-Edwards..... 10
232 Love and Money; or, A Perilous Secret. By Chas. Reade. 10
146 Love Finds the Way, and Other Stories. By Walter Besant and James Rice..... 10
306 Love for a Day. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"..... 10
313 Lover's Creed, The. By Mrs. Cashel-Hoey..... 20
893 Love's Conflict. By Florence Marryat. First half..... 20
893 Love's Conflict. By Florence Marryat. Second half..... 20
573 Love's Harvest. B. L. Farjeon 20
949 Love's Hidden Depths; or, Claribel's Love Story. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"..... 20
175 Love's Random Shot. By Wilkie Collins..... 10
757 Love's Martyr. By Laurence Alma Tadema..... 10
291 Love's Warfare. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"..... 10
73 Love's Victory; or, Redeemed by Love. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"..... 20
118 Loys, Lord Berresford, and Eric Dering. "The Duchess" 10
582 Lucia, Hugh and Another. By Mrs. J. H. Needell..... 20
589 Luck of the Darrells, The. By James Payn..... 20
901 Lucky Disappointment, A. By Florence Marryat..... 10
370 Lucy Crofton. Mrs. Oliphant 10

44 Macleod of Dare. By William Black..... 20
526 Madame De Presnel. By E. Frances Poynter..... 20
345 Madam. By Mrs. Oliphant... 20

78 Madcap Violet. By Wm. Black 20
1004 Mad Dumaresq. By Florence Marryat 20
510 Mad Love, A. By the author of "Lover and Lord" 10
1014 Mad Love, A. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne" 20
69 Madolin's Lover. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne" 20
341 Madolin Rivers; or, The Little Beauty of Red Oak Seminary. By Laura Jean Libbey 20
377 Magdalen Hepburn: A Story of the Scottish Reformation. By Mrs. Oliphant 20
494 Maiden All Forlorn, A, and Barbara. By "The Duchess" 10
64 Maiden Fair, A. By Charles Gibbon 10
121 Maid of Athens. By Justin McCarthy 20
633 Maid of Sker, The. By R. D. Blackmore. 1st half 20
633 Maid of Sker, The. By R. D. Blackmore. 2d half 20
229 Maid, Wife, or Widow? By Mrs. Alexander 10
1019 Major and Minor. By W. E. Norris. First half 20
1019 Major and Minor. By W. E. Norris. Second half 20
803 Major Frank. By A. L. G. Bosboom-Toussaint 20
702 Man and Wife. By Wilkie Collins. First half 20
702 Man and Wife. By Wilkie Collins. Second half 20
277 Man of His Word, A. By W. E. Norris 10
688 Man of Honor, A. By John Strange Winter. Illustrated. 10
217 Man She Cared For, The. By F. W. Robinson 20
371 Margaret Maitland. By Mrs. Oliphant 20
755 Margery Daw. A Novel 20
922 Marjorie. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne" 20
451 Market Harborough, and Inside the Bar. By G. J. Whyte-Melville 20
773 Mark of Cain, The. By Andrew Lang 10
1002 Marriage at a Venture. By Emile Gaboriau 20
334 Marriage of Convenience, A. By Harriett Jay 10
480 Married in Haste. Edited by Miss M. E. Braddon 20
476 Married in Haste; or, Between Two Sins. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne" 20
992 Marrying and Giving in Marriage. By Mrs. Molesworth 20
1047 Marvel. By "The Duchess" 20
615 Mary Anerley. By R. D. Blackmore 20
132 Master Humphrey's Clock. By Charles Dickens 10
646 Master of the Mine, The. By Robert Buchanan 20
825 Master Passion, The. By Florence Marryat 20
578 Mathias Sandorf. By Jules Verne. (Illustrated.) Part I. 10
578 Mathias Sandorf. By Jules Verne. (Illustrated.) Part II 10
578 Mathias Sandorf. By Jules Verne. (Illustrated.) Part III 10
398 Matt: A Tale of a Caravan. By Robert Buchanan 10
723 Mauleverer's Millions. By T. Wemyss Reid 20
330 May Blossom; or, Between Two Loves. By Margaret Lee 20
791 Mayor of Casterbridge, The. By Thomas Hardy 20
337 Memoirs and Resolutions of Adam Graeme of Mossgray, including some Chronicles of the Borough of Fendie. By Mrs. Oliphant 20
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406 Merchant's Clerk, The. By Samuel Warren 10
940 Merry Men, The, and Other Tales and Fables. By Robert Louis Stevenson 20
1020 Michael Strogoff; or, The Courier of the Czar. Jules Verne 20
31 Middlemarch. By George Eliot. First half 20
31 Middlemarch. By George Eliot. Second half 20
187 Midnight Sun, The. By Fredrika Bremer 10
763 Midshipman, The, Marmaduke Merry. Wm. H. G. Kingston. 20
729 Mignon. By Mrs. Forrester 20
492 Mignon; or, Bootles' Baby. By J. S. Winter. Illustrated 10
1032 Mignon's Husband. By John Strange Winter 20
876 Mignon's Secret. By John Strange Winter 10
692 Mikado, The, and Other Comic Operas. Written by W. S. Gilbert. Composed by Arthur Sullivan 20
390 Mildred Trevanion. By "The Duchess" 10
414 Miles Wallingford. (Sequel to "Afloat and Ashore.") By J. Fenimore Cooper 20
3 Mill on the Floss, The. By George Eliot 20
929 Miller's Daughter, The; or, The Belle of Lynn. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne" 20

157 Milly's Hero. F. W. Robinson 20
182 Millionaire, The..... 20
205 Minister's Wife, The. By Mrs. Oliphant..... 30
1051 Misadventures of John Nicholson, The. By Robert Louis Stevenson..... 10
399 Miss Brown. By Vernon Lee. 20
369 Miss Bretherton. By Mrs. Humphry Ward 10
1007 Miss Gascoigne. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell..... 20
866 Miss Harrington's Husband; or, Spiders of Society. By Florence Marryat..... 20
245 Miss Tommy. By Miss Mulock 10
315 Mistletoe Bough, The. Edited by Miss M. E. Braddon..... 20
618 Mistletoe Bough, The. Christmas, 1885. Edited by Miss M. E. Braddon..... 20
890 Mistletoe Bough, The. Christmas, 1886. Edited by Miss M. E. Braddon..... 20
1038 Mistress and Maid. By Miss Mulock 20
1030 Mistress of Ibichstein. By Fr. Henkel..... 20
298 Mitchelhurst Place. By Margaret Veley..... 10
584 Mixed Motives..... 10
1016 Modern Circe, A. By "The Duchess"..... 20
887 Modern Telemachus, A. By Charlotte M. Yonge..... 20
881 Mohawks. By Miss M. E. Braddon. First half..... 20
881 Mohawks. By Miss M. E. Braddon. Second half..... 20
2 Molly Bawn. "The Duchess" 20
159 Moment of Madness, A. By Florence Marryat..... 10
125 Monarch of Mincing Lane, The. By William Black..... 20
1054 Mona's Choice. By Mrs. Alexander..... 20
201 Monastery, The. By Sir Walter Scott..... 20
119 Monica, and A Rose Distill'd. By "The Duchess"..... 10
431 Monikins, The. By J. Fenimore Cooper 20
26 Monsieur Lecoq. By Emile Gaboriau. Vol. I..... 20
26 Monsieur Lecoq. By Emile Gaboriau. Vol. II..... 20
166 Moonshine and Marguerites. By "The Duchess"..... 10
102 Moonstone, The. By Wilkie Collins..... 20
303 More Bitter than Death. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne".. 10
178 More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands. By Queen Victoria..... 10
116 Moths. By "Ouida"..... 20
495 Mount Royal. By Miss M. E. Braddon..... 20
501 Mr. Butler's Ward. By F. Mabel Robinson 20
113 Mrs. Carr's Companion. By M. G. Wightwick..... .. 10
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950 Mrs. Geoffrey. "The Duchess" 10
606 Mrs. Hollyer. By Georgiana M. Craik..... 20
546 Mrs. Keith's Crime..... 10
440 Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings. By Charles Dickens..... 10
645 Mrs. Smith of Longmains. By Rhoda Broughton..... 10
339 Mrs. Vereker's Courier Maid. By Mrs. Alexander..... 10
991 Mr. Midshipman Easy. By Captain Marryat..... 20
256 Mr. Smith: A Part of His Life. By B. L. Walford..... 20
635 Murder or Manslaughter? By Helen B. Mathers..... 10
596 My Ducats and My Daughter. By the author of "The Crime of Christmas Day"..... 20
848 My Friend Jim. W. E. Norris 20
405 My Friends and I. Edited by Julian Sturgis..... 10
726 My Hero. By Mrs. Forrester. 20
799 My Lady Green Sleeves. By Helen B. Mathers 20
623 My Lady's Money. By Wilkie Collins..... 10
724 My Lord and My Lady. By Mrs. Forrester..... 20
863 "My Own Child." By Florence Marryat..... 20
504 My Poor Wife. By the author of "Addie's Husband"..... 10
433 My Sister Kate. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"..... 10
861 My Sister the Actress. By Florence Marryat..... 20
271 Mysteries of Paris, The. By Eugene Sue. Part I..... .. 30
271 Mysteries of Paris, The. By Eugene Sue. Part II..... 30
366 Mysterious Hunter, The; or, The Man of Death. By Capt. L. C. Carleton..... 20
255 Mystery, The. By Mrs. Henry Wood... 20
662 Mystery of Allan Grale, The. By Isabella Fyvie Mayo..... 20
969 Mystery of Colde Fell, The; or, Not Proven. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"..... 20
454 Mystery of Edwin Drood, The. By Chas. Dickens..... 20
514 Mystery of Jessy Page, The, and Other Tales. By Mrs. Henry Wood..... 10
43 Mystery of Orcival, The. By Emile Gaboriau..... 20

985 Mystery of the Holly-Tree, The. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"... 20
725 My Ten Years' Imprisonment. By Silvio Pellico..... 10
612 My Wife's Niece. By author of "Doctor Edith Romney". 20
666 My Young Alcides. By Charlotte M. Yonge..... 20

574 Nabob, The: A Story of Parisian Life and Manners. By Alphonse Daudet..... 20
1012 Nameless Sin, A. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"..... 20
227 Nancy. By Rhoda Broughton 20
509 Nell Haffenden. By Tighe Hopkins..... 20
936 Nellie's Memories. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. 1st half... 20
936 Nellie's Memories. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. 2d half... 20
181 New Abelard, The. By Robert Buchanan..... 10
856 New Arabian Nights. By Robert Louis Stevenson..... 20
464 Newcomes, The. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Part I..... 20
464 Newcomes, The. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Part II..... 20
52 New Magdalen, The. By Wilkie Collins..... 10
1023 Next of Kin—Wanted. By M. Betham-Edwards..... 20
37 Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens. First half..... 20
37 Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens. Second half..... 20
909 Nine of Hearts, The. By B. L. Farjeon..... 20
1005 99 Dark Street. By F. W. Robinson..... 20
105 Noble Wife, A. John Saunders 20
864 "No Intentions." By Florence Marryat..... 20
565 No Medium. By Annie Thomas 10
290 Nora's Love Test. By Mary Cecil Hay..... 20
595 North Country Maid, A. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron..... 20
1011 North Versus South; or, Texar's Vengeance. By Jules Verne. Part I..... 20
812 No Saint. By Adeline Sergeant 20
168 No Thoroughfare. By Dickens and Collins..... 10
215 Not Like Other Girls. By Rosa Nouchette Carey..... 20
969 Not Proven; or, The Mystery of Colde Fell. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"..... 20
765 Not Wisely, But Too Well. By Rhoda Broughton..... 20
614 No. 99. By Arthur Griffiths.. 10

766 No. XIII.; or, The Story of the Lost Vestal. Emma Marshall 10
640 Nuttie's Father. By Charlotte M. Yonge..... 20

425 Oak-Openings, The; or, The Bee-Hunter. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... 20
211 Octoroon, The. By Miss M. E. Braddon..... 10
183 Old Contrairy, and Other Stories. By Florence Marryat.. 10
10 Old Curiosity Shop, The. By Charles Dickens..... 20
410 Old Lady Mary. By Mrs. Oliphant..... 10
858 Old Ma'm'selle's Secret. By E. Marlitt..... 20
72 Old Myddelton's Money. By Mary Cecil Hay..... 20
645 Oliver's Bride. By Mrs. Oliphant..... 10
41 Oliver Twist. By Charles Dickens..... 20
605 Ombra. By Mrs. Oliphant.... 20
280 Omnia Vanitas. A Tale of Society. By Mrs. Forrester... 10
883 Once Again. By Mrs. Forrester 20
143 One False, Both Fair. By John B. Harwood..... 20
342 One New Year's Eve. By "The Duchess"..... 10
840 One Thing Needful; or, The Penalty of Fate. By Miss M. E. Braddon..... 20
985 On Her Wedding Morn, and The Mystery of the Holly-Tree. Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"... 20
384 On Horseback Through Asia Minor. By Captain Fred Burnaby..... 20
498 Only a Clod. By Miss M. E. Braddon..... 20
496 Only a Woman. Edited by Miss M. E. Braddon..... 20
655 Open Door, The. By Mrs. Oliphant..... 10
998 Open, Sesame! By Florence Marryat..... 20
708 Ormond. By Maria Edgeworth 20
12 Other People's Money. By Emile Gaboriau..... 20
639 Othmar. By "Ouida." 1st half 20
639 Othmar. By "Ouida." 2d half 20
859 Ottilie: An Eighteenth Century Idyl, and The Prince of the 100 Soups. By Vernon Lee..... 20
838 Ought We to Visit Her? By Mrs. Annie Edwards..... 20
131 Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. First half..... 20
131 Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. Second half..... 20
747 Our Sensation Novel. Edited by Justin H. McCarthy, M.P. 10
925 Outsider, The. Hawley Smart 20
870 Out of His Reckoning. By Florence Marryat..... 10

530 Pair of Blue Eyes, A. By Thomas Hardy..... 20
587 Parson o' Dumford, The. By G. Manville Fenn..... 20
238 Pascarel. By "Ouida"..... 20
822 Passion Flower, A. A Novel.. 20
517 Passive Crime, A, and Other Stories. By "The Duchess" 10
886 Paston Carew, Millionaire and Miser. Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. 20
309 Pathfinder, The. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... 20
720 Paul Clifford. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart..... 20
571 Paul Carew's Story. By Alice Comyns Carr..... 10
525 Paul Vargas, and Other Stories. By Hugh Conway, author of "Called Back"..... 10
994 Penniless Orphan, A. By W. Heimburg..... 20
449 Peeress and Player. By Florence Marryat..... 20
613 Percy and the Prophet. By Wilkie Collins..... 10
776 Père Goriot. By H. De Balzac 20
314 Peril. By Jessie Fothergill... 20
965 Periwinkle. By Arnold Gray. 20
568 Perpetual Curate, The. By Mrs. Oliphant..... 20
133 Peter the Whaler. By William H. G. Kingston..... 10
868 Petronel. By Florence Marryat 20
392 Peveril of the Peak. By Sir Walter Scott..... 20
326 Phantastes. A Faerie Romance for Men and Women. By George Macdonald..... 10
56 Phantom Fortune. By Miss M. E. Braddon..... 20
845 Philip Earnscliffe; or, The Morals of May Fair. By Mrs. Annie Edwards..... 20
336 Philistia. By Cecil Power.... 20
669 Philosophy of Whist, The. By William Pole..... 20
903 Phyllida. By Florence Marryat 20
16 Phyllis. By "The Duchess". 20
372 Phyllis' Probation. By the author of "His Wedded Wife". 10
537 Piccadilly. Laurence Oliphant 10
24 Pickwick Papers. By Charles Dickens. Vol. I..... 20
24 Pickwick Papers. By Charles Dickens. Vol. II..... 20
448 Pictures From Italy, and The Mudfog Papers, &c. By Chas. Dickens..... 20
206 Picture, The, and Jack of All Trades. By Charles Reade... 10
264 Piédouche, a French Detective. By Fortuné Du Boisgobey... 10
318 Pioneers, The; or, The Sources of the Susquehanna. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... 20
393 Pirate, The. Sir Walter Scott 20
850 Playwright's Daughter, A. By Mrs. Annie Edwards..... 10
818 Pluck. By John Strange Winter 10
869 Poison of Asps, The. By Florence Marryat..... 10
836 Point of Honor, A. By Mrs. Annie Edwards..... 20
329 Polish Jew, The. (Translated from the French by Caroline A. Merighi.) By Erckmann-Chatrian..... 10
831 Pomegranate Seed. By the author of "The Two Miss Flemings," etc..... 20
902 Poor Gentleman, A. By Mrs. Oliphant..... 20
325 Portent, The. By George Macdonald..... 10
6 Portia. By "The Duchess".. 20
655 Portrait, The. By Mrs. Oliphant 10
558 Poverty Corner. By G. Manville Fenn..... 20
310 Prairie, The. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... 20
422 Precaution. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... 20
828 Prettiest Woman in Warsaw, The. By Mabel Collins..... 20
697 Pretty Jailer, The. By F. Du Boisgobey. 1st half..... 20
697 Pretty Jailer, The. By F. Du Boisgobey. 2d half..... 20
207 Pretty Miss Neville. By B. M. Croker..... 20
475 Prima Donna's Husband, The. By F. Du Boisgobey..... 20
531 Prime Minister, The. By Anthony Trollope. First Half.. 20
531 Prime Minister, The. By Anthony Trollope. Second Half 20
624 Primus in Indis. By M. J. Colquhoun..... 10
249 "Prince Charlie's Daughter." By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"..... 10
556 Prince of Darkness, A. By F. Warden..... 20
859 Prince of the 100 Soups, The. Edited by Vernon Lee..... 20
704 Prince Otto. R. L. Stevenson. 10
355 Princess Dagomar of Poland, The. Heinrich Felbermann. 10
228 Princess Napraxine. "Ouida" 20
23 Princess of Thule, A. By William Black..... 20
88 Privateersman, The. By Captain Marryat..... 20
321 Prodigals, The: And Their Inheritance. By Mrs. Oliphant. 10
944 Professor, The. By Charlotte Brontë..... 20
144 Promises of Marriage. By Emile Gaboriau..... 10
260 Proper Pride. By B. M. Croker 10
947 Publicans and Sinners; or, Lucius Davoren. By Miss M. E. Braddon. First half..... 20
947 Publicans and Sinners; or, Lucius Davoren. By Miss M. E. Braddon. Second half..... 20

1000 Puck. By "Ouida." 1st half 20
1000 Puck. By "Ouida." 2d half 20
912 Pure Gold. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. First half..... 20
912 Pure Gold. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. Second half 20
516 Put Asunder; or, Lady Castlemaine's Divorce. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"..... 20
487 Put to the Test. Edited by Miss M. E. Braddon..... 20
214 Put Yourself in His Place. By Charles Reade..... 20

68 Queen Amongst Women, A. By Charlotte M. Braeme, author of "Dora Thorne"..... 10
932 Queenie's Whim. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. First half.. .. 20
932 Queenie's Whim. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. Second half... 20
591 Queen of Hearts, The. By Wilkie Collins..... 20

641 Rabbi's Spell, The. By Stuart C. Cumberland..... 10
147 Rachel Ray. By Anthony Trollope... 20
461 Rainbow Gold. By David Christie Murray..... 20
933 Rainy June, A. By "Ouida". 10
200 Ralph the Heir. By Anthony Trollope. First half..... 20
200 Ralph the Heir. By Anthony Trollope. Second half..... 20
815 Ralph Wilton's Weird. By Mrs. Alexander 10
442 Ranthorpe. By George Henry Lewes 20
780 Rare Pale Margaret. By the author of "What's His Offence?" 20
327 Raymond's Atonement. (From the German of E. Werner.) By Christina Tyrrell..... 20
210 Readiana: Comments on Current Events. By Chas. Reade 10
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